The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The October Bookman will be an Autumn Double Number and will deal mainly with the new books of the season. It is also a Wagner Number and will contain special fully illustrated articles on Wagner by Dr. William Barry and on "The Bayreuth Festival" by Reginald Buckley. Other of the principal contents will be articles on Marcelle Tinayre, by Winifred Stephens; "New Poetry," by Edward Thomas; "Margaret Harding," by Cranstoun Metcalfe: "A Pocketful of France," by Dixon Scott; "The History of Painting," by G. S. Layard; "The Secret History of Freemasonry," by W. L. Wilmshurst, etc.

Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. are publishing shortly a biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe by her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe. The volume will contain several portraits and sketches, some of which, with Messrs. Nisbet's permission, we reproduce among the illustrations to our article on Mrs. Stowe in this number.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing this month Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel, "Hilda Lessways."

The same firm are issuing immediately "Under Western Eyes," a new book by Mr. Joseph Conrad.

Mrs. Clare Jerrold has written a volume on "The Early Court of Queen Victoria" which is to be published shortly by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

A book that is likely to give rise to some discussion is "The Sense and Nonsense of Christian Science," by Professor Leon C. Prince, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing. It claims to be an impartial study of this large subject and to cover the field of mental therapeutics from the standpoint of philosophy, religion, and experience.

No living writer has worked more practically or more enthusiastically to bring about a revival of poetic stage-craft than has Mr. Sturge Moore, whose new poetic play, "Mariamne: A Conflict," we are reviewing next month. We remember wistful, persuasive articles of his on this subject in the *Monthly Review* and the *Speaker*, and to carry his theories into action he founded the Literary Theatre Society. The acting and stage-management necessary to his purpose differ more from those current than

do the acting and producing provided by the genius of Mr. Granville Barker for Bernard Shaw's plays, and the first effort of the Society in 1906, a performance of "Aphrodite Against Artemis," proved abortive. It was then, however, that Mr. C. Ricketts's designs for scenery and costume obtained a first hint of the success which was to greet them as soon as his ideas could be more adequately realised. Later this Society produced Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and the fragment of his "Florentine Tragedy," to which Mr. Sturge Moore supplied an opening scene, which is now incorporated in the popular edition of the play. The tragedy thus completed has been acted in Paris and in several German cities, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell has toured with it in this country. "Mariamne: A Conflict," though only just published, was written before the close of last century, but has been from time to time rehandled. Last year Mr. Herbert Trench had intended producing the play, but was regretfully compelled to postpone it. In addition to some ten volumes of poems, Mr. Sturge Moore has written books on Albert Dürer and Correggio that Messrs. Duckworth have published; he edited the "Vale" Shakespeare and an edition of Wordsworth. Messrs. Hacon & Ricketts recently published his translation from De Guerin and his "Danaë," which first appeared in the *Dial*. Mr. Sturge Moore is a member of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature and of the Society of Twelve, in whose last exhibition the wood-block used for the cover of "Mariamne" was exhibited.

Photo by Bassano. **Mrs. John Lane,**
Whose "Talk of the Town" (Bodley Head) is reviewed on page 254.

Mr. Warwick Deeping has been writing a story of modern country life, and the book will make its appearance under the title of "Fox Farm" within the next few weeks.

Messrs. George Allen & Co. are publishing a work on that fascinating and little-known subject, "Bushman Folk-Lore," by W. I. Bleek and L. C. Lloyd, for which Dr. G. McCall Theal has written a preface. The volume will be illustrated with numerous specimens of Bushman drawings.

Several reviewers seem to have been in doubt as to the sex of the author of that very successful novel, "Red of the Rock," published a few weeks ago by Messrs. Alston Rivers. Even the publishers had an idea that Eldrid Reynolds was of the sterner sex and corrected one or two reviewers who had referred to "Miss" Reynolds. It turns out, however, that this is the first novel of a young lady who is still only twenty years of age.

Messrs. Harrap are publishing this autumn a rendering of the legend of Tannhäuser into poetic narrative form by Mr. T. W. Rolleston. The book will be handsomely produced and fully illustrated by Mr. Willy Pogány, the illustrations including sixteen plates reproduced by four-colour process. A special feature of the book is the colour of the paper on which it is printed—a grey, rough-surface paper on which drawings of fine and most delicate line are perfectly and very effectively reproduced.

Mr. Willy Pogány is a Hungarian, and his illustrated edition of "The Ancient Mariner" was not only one of the most popular of last year's colour books, but brought him the unique distinction of a spontaneous recognition by the Government of his own country. To mark its sense of the honour it enjoys in having a man of Mr. Pogány's gifts among its subjects, the Hungarian Government purchased the originals of several of the drawings, and conferred a complimentary grant of eight thousand marks upon the artist. We do not spend public money like that over here—not on English artists, unless they happen to be safely dead.

Mrs. Edith Cuthell has completed a biography of Marie Louise, Empress of the French and Duchess of Parma, which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are issuing this autumn.

"Hurdcott" is the title of Mr. John Ayscough's new novel. It will be published this autumn by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

"The Queen's Fillet," Canon Sheehan's new romance of the French Revolution, promises to be one of the most successful as it is certainly one of the ablest of his various books. Canon Sheehan practically commenced his literary career in 1881, when he forwarded to a clerical monthly in Dublin the essays he afterwards incorporated in his volume of "Early Essays and Lectures" (Longmans). His intellectual growth was stimulated in his younger days by a diligent study of Carlyle and Tennyson, then in the zenith of their popularity; and although he has considerably modified his opinions since then, those writers have undoubtedly exercised an important influence on his literary tastes and work. He had published two novels before the appearance of "My New Curate," but it was this story, which ran through twenty editions in America, that first brought him into prominence with the reading public. It was immediately succeeded by that remarkable novel of clerical life, "Luke Delmage," which was promptly translated into all the European languages and ran through four or five editions in Germany alone. Two later novels dealing with Irish peasant life, "Glenanaar" and "Lisheen," have met with almost equal success. The Canon is not, however, to be classed only as a novelist; he has published three volumes of what he calls "desultory conversations" on men and things, a volume of essays, one of poems, a short drama, and a book of sermons. His works cover a very wide range, his essays being of a literary and philosophical cast, and his novels, apart from his latest, dealing with modern clerical, student, and rural life. He has completed two other novels that handle certain social aspects of our own time, and is engaged on a new one that deals with the problem of sectarianism in Ireland and the consequences of traditional intolerance.

Photo by Guy & Co., Cork. **Canon Sheehan.**

Photo by Will Cadby. **Mr. Perceval Gibbon,**

Whose new novel, "Margaret Harding," has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.

With "Hetty," which Mr. Werner Laurie has just published, Mr. Shan Bullock says he has finished writing about Ireland. He has written fourteen books; most of these have been devoted to the intimate portrayal of Irish life and character, and he feels he has said all he has to say on those subjects. But Mr. Bullock has been living for many years now in London, and a year or two ago he gathered his experience of London life into "Robert Thorne," which to our thinking is the finest and most realistic of his stories. Mr. Shan

Bullock takes a very pessimistic view of the novelist's calling. Writing on the subject recently in a contemporary, he remarks that the great majority of living novelists "make a bare living, or make part of a living, or less than any part of a living." He goes on to tell of novelists whose books have yielded them no monetary return at all, and says "a novelist who has been writing for eleven years, a poet too, and a fine critic, told me that £60 was the utmost he ever received in royalties on a novel, and for all save the lucky one, his remuneration has varied from £5 to £45." The fact is that the element of chance counts for much in the publishing as in most other worlds; good books do not always fail, and bad ones do not always succeed. Taken in the bulk, our public is not a literary public, and all things considered perhaps it is not to be expected that it should be. Hence a tenth-rate novel that tells a catchy story may easily have a huge success, and one that tells a finer story and has real value as a piece of literature may fail to tickle the palate of the general reader. The moral is obvious, but it is not one that is going to be preached in these pages, and Mr. Shan Bullock is one of those conscientious artists in fiction who would not try to practise it if it were.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Miss Agnes Grozier Herbertson.

It is estimated that the Theatrical Garden Party held at the Botanic Gardens on the 11th of last July will yield between £2,900 and £3,000 for the benefit of the Actors' Orphanage Fund. Moreover, a lady who wishes to remain anonymous has presented through Mrs. Fred Wright a freehold property in Hampshire of the value of nearly £4,000, and in recognition of this munificent gift Mr. Cyril Maude has given a hundred guineas to the Fund, to assist in furnishing the Hampshire house as a convalescent home, and it is hoped that other members of his profession and the general public will associate themselves with the anonymous benefactor by contributing to the endowment of certain rooms which would bear the donors' names.

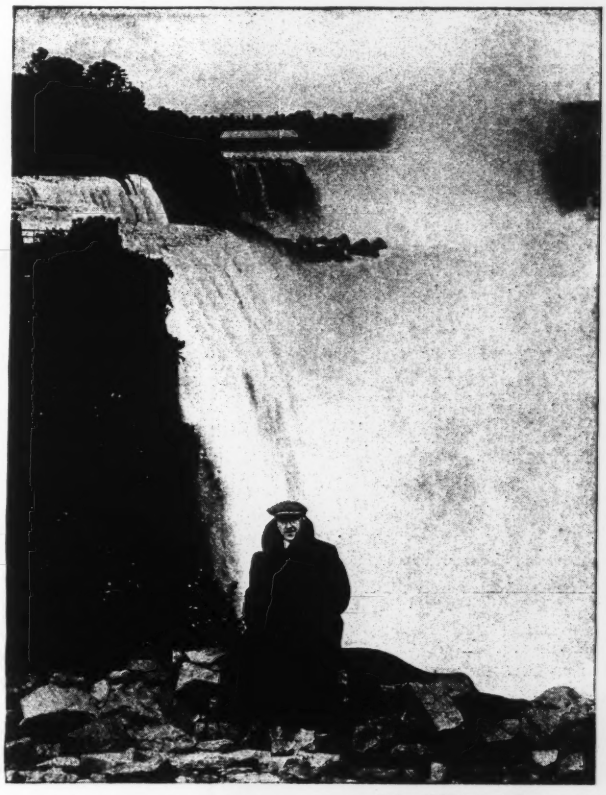
Messrs. Methuen are publishing a new novel by Miss Agnes Grozier Herbertson. Her first book, "Patience Dean," was published by them in 1904, and this new novel, "Deborah," is the only one Miss Herbertson has written since the appearance of "The Summit" two years ago. She intended "Deborah" to be a simple human story, she says—"one that would harmonise with a day in the open air and a desultory mood." During the greater part of her life Miss Herbertson has lived in England, but is proud of the fact that by birth she is almost entirely Scottish.

At present Miss Herbertson is engaged upon a novel in which she is attempting to portray the development of a dreamy, idealistic girl into a practical woman through stress of circumstances and a desire to save a man from ruin. She is also writing a book for children and collecting and preparing for the press a volume of her poems.

Mr. Harold Vallings, whose delightful novel, "Enter Charmian" (Smith, Elder), is meeting with a very gratifying success, has already made considerable progress with another novel that he is calling "An Elysian Combe"—a story of the Omer Moor, but not this time of the light-comedy complexion. He has placed the scene of "Enter Charmian" at Moorside, a hamlet on the fringe of Dartmoor in which he lived for several years. Most of his novels have been of the West Country and have been published by Bentley's, Messrs. Macmillan, Mr. John Long, and Mr. Milne. Mr. Vallings was educated at Tonbridge School and at Sandhurst. He joined the Bedfordshire Regiment at Aldershot, was a keen soldier, and was very soon made acting adjutant. He was reading for the Staff College and seemingly had a successful military career before him when the development of a spinal complaint, that reduced him to invalidism for many years, closed that door against him. But he does not recommend the pursuit of literature

as suitable for delicate persons; "the literary wrestle," in his opinion, "demands the blended equipments of the Rhinoceros and the professional Strong Man," and he has not found it an easy matter to emerge from it triumphantly without these vigorous attributes.

Mr. Keble Howard has been on an extensive holiday tour through Canada and the United States. He enjoyed himself uncommonly, and imparts his enjoyment to whoever wishes to share it in "Chicot in America" (Hutchinson). The whole record is written in the lightest and most entertaining vein; a holiday spirit of quaint humour and geniality pervades it throughout. Mr. Keble Howard dissents from all the unkind things that have been said about Chicago; he has nothing but praise for that maligned city and the canned-meat industry, but he was disappointed with Niagara. His pictures of railway travelling make one rather contented to stay at home, but when he tells of the delightful comradeship and easy joviality that prevail among the clubmen of New York, or describes California or San Francisco and its people, you feel it was worth any sort of travelling to arrive at such ends. This is a capital book for a railway journey or to chuckle over whilst you loll on a beach.



Mr. Keble Howard

Enjoying a melancholy Sunday at Niagara Falls.
From "Chicot in America," by Keble Howard. (Hutchinson.)

For permission to reproduce some of our Harriet Beecher Stowe illustrations (most of which were supplied by Mr. A. Rischgitz and the Art Illustration and Reproduction Co.), we are indebted to Messrs. A. & C. Black, Messrs. Blackie, Messrs. Sampson Low, and Messrs. Nisbet. For much help with the general illustrations we have to thank Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Cassell, Mr. John Lane, Mr. John Long, Mr. Werner Laurie, and Messrs. Hutchinson.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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J. E. PATTERSON.

IF you are a man of action and want to roam the world, and have nothing but your strength of body to sell, you can see a great deal of life from a "tramp" steamer. The food is poor, the treatment rough, and the wages are low; but when you are young and eager for adventure, these things may not trouble you much. In the end, however, you are likely to pay very dear for the snatches of wild romance that you get in this way. For the ordinary "tramp" steamer is far from being as healthy a vessel as the old "wind-jammer." It is a floating tank of disease. The iron sweats horribly, and in most cases there is no lining of wood to absorb the moisture. The result is that many seamen who work continually on "tramps" end by being killed or crippled by rheumatism.

Mr. J. E. Patterson's strange career of adventure was closed in this manner. He just escaped death, and coming out of hospital, apparently crippled for life, he barely managed to keep body and soul together by hobbling about the docks at Cardiff tallying timber. Lonely, poor, bankrupt in health and hope, he limped back to a garret, after his work was done, and wrote poems and blank-verse plays. Some of his verses first appeared, I believe, in a Cardiff newspaper; and in 1897 the broken sailorman put a selection of them into a book, "The Mermaid, and other Pieces," for which two friends managed to raise a subscription list. Happily, in the autumn of the same year Sir Henry Irving made his first appearance in Cardiff, and a copy of "The Mermaid" fell into his hands. He suggested that the young poet should go to London, where he would "make a name." Poor Patterson, with no money, no friends, and no position, smiled sadly, and explained the situation to Irving. Irving—a kind man if ever there was one—arranged for him to fill a small post at the Lyceum Theatre until he had won a footing in the literary world of London. For some years Mr. Patterson worked at journalism; then, feeling sure of himself as a novelist, he gave over writing for the press and devoted himself entirely to literature.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. J. E. Patterson.

A man of medium height and sturdy build, with an open, weather-beaten face, soft brown eyes and dark-brown hair strangely touched with grey, Mr. Patterson still retains the curious carriage of the sailorman. He has, too, a taking way with him, a comradely sort of openness that is only found in sailors. Yet all this, I fancy, is acquired. At bottom, Mr. Patterson is a poet, rather sad and solitary, with a fierce, hard ruggedness of character. Much suffering has changed some of his strength into sweetness; but the native spirit of this battered Yorkshireman is still unbroken. He is one of the few novelists of our generation who seems as though he may write something with the quality of greatness in it. Greatness, I always think, is, even in literature, a product of character rather than of mind; and what distinguishes Mr. Patterson from an innumerable crowd of novelists of cultivated talent is the fact that he has lived in a hard school of life which has continually elicited from him the virile virtues of human nature.

Brought up in part on a Yorkshire farm, Mr. Patterson ran away to sea at the age of twelve. A dangerous passion for the romance of life had been born in him by the loving study of Marryat and other novelists of the sea. He was drawn to Hull because that was the port from which Robinson Crusoe first shipped! But he was fetched home again, only to break away once more. By boldly overstating his age, he became an apprentice on a deep-sea fishing-smack at Grimsby. The life was rough, but the food good and plentiful; and the five years that Mr. Patterson spent in that 73-ton boat gave him a constitution which has survived a series of attacks under which an ordinary man would have gone down. In "Fishers of the Sea" he describes with gusto this brightly adventurous period of his youth, when he took a merry part in the losing fight which the old-fashioned smacks were then waging against an increasing number of steam trawlers.

About the age of nineteen, Mr. Patterson, then mate of a smack, resolved to go in search of wider adventure. Literary ambition seems to have been the moving force

in him from the very first. His plan was to travel as best he could, and fill in all his time with studious reading. He easily found a berth as able seaman on a steamer bound to the Cape and India. By a stroke of luck the bo'sun was "Old Shells," a man to whom Mr. Patterson had done a kindness some years before. Shells was a middle-aged man who had spent his early life in the South Seas and was profusely tattooed with sea-shell patterns. He was a capable, clean-living man, and he practically adopted the young fisherman as his son. The tale of their wanderings about the world is as strange and pleasant a thing as I have read for some years. It is told by Mr. Patterson in "My Vagabondage," an autobiography which Mr. William Heinemann is publishing during the present month. Old Shells was one of those hard rough nomads of the sea who have an inarticulate passion for the romance and adventure of life. In his young friend, who came aboard with a big trunk full of books, he found at last some one who could talk inexhaustibly about the things on which his own dumb soul was strongly set. The memory of the boy's kindness to him at Hull made him feel towards the lonely, homeless wanderer a manly, fatherly affection; and with a strange, pathetic attachment he followed the youngster over the world, and did much to mould his character.

Knifed by a nigger off Natal, Mr. Patterson recovered by the time he reached Bombay. There he and Shells signed on a brig which a Swede was running to Cochin, and on this voyage young Patterson got more than enough of the excitement in search of which he had left England. At Mangalore the Swede changed some of his native crew. Every man of the newcomers was a pirate. They stole most of the firearms and ammunition, and entrenching themselves in the cabin, began shooting down all the white men on the main deck. But the mate was daring and resourceful. He barricaded the pirates in the cabin with an iron bar and an iron chain, and the skylight was sealed down with a hen coop. Then with two iron pots, sulphur and charcoal, and two large tin funnels the pirates were smoked out. In the end one pirate made a dash for his life and leaped into the sea, another was captured, and the rest were killed by the deadly fumes.

Neither of the two friends was hurt. They drifted about Southern Asia for some time, then went to the Mediterranean, Mr. Patterson having in the course of his reading arrived at that frame of mind in which Byron seems the prince of all poets. They landed at Marseilles. In the absence of fatherly Shells, the younger man entered a dangerous wine-shop in a quarter worse than the Ratcliffe Road in the old days. There was a fight: Mr. Patterson brought down two Frenchmen, but had the rest of the mob trampling upon him when Shells arrived. The old sailor was killed, and instead of his murderers being punished Mr. Patterson was shut up in the military prison for thirty-six hours. Of course, there was no case against him; he was released after the examination.

The story of his adventures then grows wilder. Seven times he knocked loudly at the door of death. Having lost his only friend, he took, it seems to me, to adventure as a man takes to drink. Caring little what became of himself, he drifted from end to end of Europe, risking his life out of a blind passion for excitement. On one voyage he carried, just for the fun of the thing, a parcel of seditious literature to St. Petersburg. Then at Constantinople he fell through the roof of a mosque into a crowd of howling Dervishes. They pursued him; but a fat old Turk lent unexpected help out of the trouble. After an adventure in the great bazaar of Stamboul, and seeing something of the massacre of Armenians, Mr. Patterson got away from Turkey. On another occasion he was shot in Alexandria. For the variety and surprising nature of the adventures related in it, "My Vagabondage" will, I think, rank among the very best books of its kind. It is packed full of wild life, character, and character-sketches.

Mr. Patterson has written four novels. The first was good, honest work, but of no remarkable quality. The second, "Fishers of the Sea," appeared in 1908, and was generally hailed as a work of genius. The next year "Watchers by the Shore" was published, and rapidly went into three editions. In the spring of this year "Tillers of the Soil" was issued, and received a very warm welcome both here and in America. They are three very powerful books. Nearly all the characters are persons who have to battle for their livelihood against the elemental forces of nature—deep-sea fishermen, longshore boatmen, and farmers. In each novel Mr. Patterson writes from a large fund of personal experience; he is both a realist and a poet; he sets down the harshest facts clearly and faithfully, while interpreting them in the light of the spiritual side of life; and touches of pleasant humour lighten and soften his strange, tragic studies of the human soul.

I knew Mr. Patterson some time before I read any of his books, and I must confess I was at first disappointed at not finding in his novels any of his wide and curious knowledge of strange lands and strange peoples. It seemed to me then that, as the romance of the outlands was the latest and most popular kind of novel, Mr. Patterson was entirely wasting the knowledge of a lifetime in confining himself to novels of English life. But having read his works I must admit that he knows more about himself than I know, and that he is right in doing what he does. He went out on a life of adventure to win experience and broaden his own nature. His long exile has made his native country more romantic to him than the Cochin coast or the Bay of Campeachy. In "Fishers of the Sea," for instance, he has made Grimsby almost as wonderful a place as the Casterbridge of Thomas Hardy. In his next novel, "Love Like the Sea," which is also to be published by Mr. Heinemann, the scene is laid at Minehead. He has already won the suffrages of his fellow-workers. Most critics of any standing hail him as one of the very best of the new writers; and I feel sure that the general reading public will soon do the same.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

THE READER.

THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM": SOME CENTENARY NOTES.

By Walter Jerrold.

"I AM a little bit of a woman, somewhat more than forty, about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used-up article now." In 1853, the year after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been published in book form, Harriet Beecher Stowe thus described herself in a letter to an English correspondent. There could not fail to be something attractive in the woman who could write those words, and it is not surprising to find that George Eliot, on reading the letter in which they occurred, described it as "most fascinating, and makes one love her." At the time Mrs. Stowe was the most talked-about literary woman in the two hemispheres; she might have said with Lord Byron that she woke one morning to find herself famous. That her fame has lasted may best be indicated by the fact that in England to-day her best known book can be purchased in ten or a dozen different current editions. In this year, which by common consent seems to be accepted as that in which to celebrate the centenary of her birth, we may well seek to learn something of the secret of that sustained popularity, to estimate in some degree her "place" in nineteenth-century literature.

Harriet Beecher, the daughter of a celebrated Calvinistic divine, Lyman Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, on June 14, 1811 or 1812. The biography written by her son gives the former year (yet records the seventieth anniversary of her birthday as occurring in 1882), but there seems much conflict of testimony on the subject, though whether we are celebrating the centenary of that birth a few weeks after the century is completed, or only during the hundredth year, does not matter. Here it is not necessary to enlarge upon the subject of her life story, except in so far as it belongs to her work as a writer. One of a large family of boys and girls—her youngest brother, Henry Ward Beecher, became a famous preacher and social reformer—Harriet had the distinction at the age of twelve of having, at a school exhibition, her essay selected as one of the two or three best to be read before the assembly of visitors. Her subject was one that needed for its treatment the massed and co-ordinated knowledge of age or the easy cocksureness of youth, being nothing less than a reply to the proposition "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" In 1836 Harriet Beecher married Calvin Stowe, Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature at Lane College, Cincinnati, and for a few years—as is amusingly set forth in her biography—trebled the parts of housekeeper, bringer-up of a family of small children, and writer of stories and sketches for local periodicals. It was a life of great hardship; a professor in those times was not well paid, and literature had in grim earnestness to be cultivated, as Sydney Smith playfully put it, on a little oatmeal, in many of the intellectual homes of the West. The story of the struggle that it meant in Harriet Beecher Stowe's case must be read in her biography.

It was the Fugitive Slave Law—an enactment that indirectly did more to bring about emancipation than any other single agency—which stirred the best spirit in America to its depths; and one of the first fruits of that Law was—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Harriet Beecher Stowe was an ardent abolitionist, eager to do what she could in the cause of the slaves, but, as it must have seemed to her, quite incapable of moving with her pen people who were but half-heartedly listening to Emerson and Thoreau, Lowell and Whittier, Garrison and other of the best men of the time. Her sister-in-law wrote to her: "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." On receiving that hint the author declared, "I will write something. I will if I live." That was on the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850—a law so monstrous that it is difficult to read its provisions to-day without a flush of indignation. In the beginning of June of the following year the opening portion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in the pages of the Washington *National Era*. It was begun as a story to be completed in a dozen chapters, but the author was building better

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

than she knew. The work grew and expanded, it was, as it were, the whole voice of the abolitionists uttered by one deeply-moved frail woman, and the instant attention which it gained heartened her to further effort. The serial publication—for which Mrs. Stowe had received about sixty pounds—ran until April, 1852; and ten days before the final instalment appeared, the story was published in book form.

It is difficult to-day to realise the furore—the much-abused word is admissible here—that was caused by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; to do so it is necessary to go to contemporary comment, to read in papers and letters of the period the pæan of praise, the torrent of abuse, that was poured forth about the book. That tradition does not exaggerate the instant effect of the story may be gathered from a passage in an article on the subject of Slavery in the United States, published in the staid pages of the *Edinburgh Review* in the spring of 1855:

"The first London edition was published in May, 1852, and was not large; for the European popularity of a picture of negro life was doubted. But in the following September the London publishers furnished to one house 10,000 copies per day for about four weeks, and had to employ 1,000 persons in preparing copies to supply the general demand. We cannot follow it beyond 1852; but at that time more than a million copies had been sold in England, probably ten times as many as have been sold of any other work, except the Bible and Prayer Book. In France 'Uncle Tom' still covers the shop windows of the Boulevards; and one publisher alone, Eustace Barba, has sent out five different editions in different forms. Before the end of 1852 it had been translated into Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, German, Polish, and Magyar. There are two different Dutch translations and twelve different German ones; and the Italian translation enjoys the honour of the Pope's prohibition. It has been dramatised in twenty different forms, and acted in every capital in Europe and in the free States of America."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

That was in 1855, exactly three years after the book was first published. Later it is said to have been translated into Russian, Welsh, Wendish, Wallachian, Armenian, Arabic, Romaic, and even Chinese and Japanese. It may be doubted whether any other story could show such a record. But this is not a bibliographical article; though it may be suggested that the collector who should specialise in "Uncle Tom" would have a goodly field before him.

Home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Hartford, Connecticut.

To turn to the book and re-read it after a lapse of many years is to be impressed anew by the simple forcefulness with which the author achieved her great task. It was so easy to wax indignant, to fulminate against the evils of slavery, but indignation and fulmination were more likely to move those who were already

indignant than to win over those who were apathetic or who saw reason for defending the system, and Mrs. Stowe, as though by instinct, chose the seemingly simple but far more effective method of telling a story. A tale will take those who a sermon shun. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a narrative which primarily interested as a story, and though we may, in our superior manner, smile to-day at some of the sentimentality, it is as a story that

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

From the original drawing by Dennis after a daguerreotype.

we read it. I have indeed been asked incredulously, "Does anybody read 'Uncle Tom' now?" If the multiplicity of current editions does not answer that question, then so much the worse for modern readers. The book acted as a stimulant to the drowsy consciences of thousands when it was new, but its interest to-day is something more than historical, something more than that of a "document" depicting past conditions, and

Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, and their father, Dr. Lyman Beecher.

From "Harriet Beecher Stowe: The Story of Her Life." By her son, Charles Edward Stowe, and her grandson, Lyman Beecher Stowe. (England: James Nisbet & Co. America: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

marking the awakening of a race: it is that of a live story of compelling qualities, one that, strong as is the "purpose," is nevertheless always a story. It was, as at the time a critic acutely recognised, "at once the most powerful of contemporary fiction and the most efficient of anti-slavery tracts," and in this lies the secret of its early success and its lasting charm.

Lowell went so far as to declare that the book succeeded in spite of its purpose rather than because of it —it would perhaps be truer to say that it first achieved success because of, and maintains it in spite of, that purpose: "Works of imagination written with an aim to immediate impression are commonly ephemeral, like Miss Martineau's 'Tales' and Elliott's 'Corn Law Rhymes'; but the creative faculty of Mrs. Stowe, like

Hartford, from the East Side of the River.

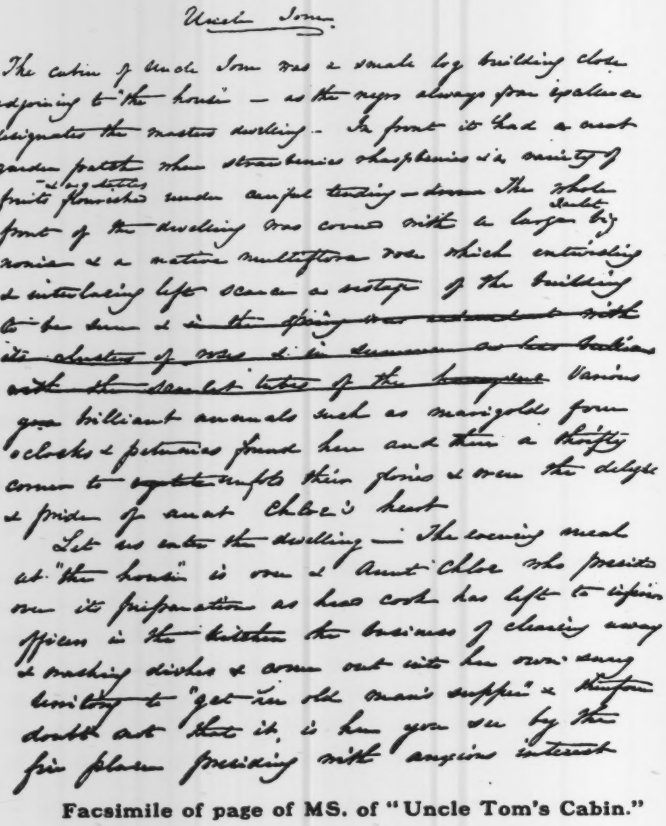
that of Cervantes in 'Don Quixote,' and of Fielding in 'Joseph Andrews,' overpowered the narrow specialty of her design, and expanded a local and temporary theme with the cosmopolitanism of genius."

The measure of a book's success—if the subject of it be one on which opinions are sharply divided—may be gauged by the treatment it receives from "the other side," and Mrs. Stowe appears to have been accused with unmeasured vindictiveness of exaggeration and even of wilful misrepresentation of facts for the purpose of carrying on a sentimental propaganda. Indeed pro-slavery journals indulged in flattery by imitation, publishing other "Cabins" in which slave life was presented in more or less idyllic fashion. The year after "Uncle Tom" Mrs. Stowe replied to her critics by publishing a "key" to her story in which she presented "the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded; together with Corroborative Statements verifying the Truth of the Work." Some years later, she was able to say "to this no answer has ever been returned; a most profound silence has always reigned with regard to that book in quarters where there was the most clamour with regard to the tale," and to add with all the emphasis of italics "the author has never seen or heard of one attempt to disprove or refute a single statement of the key." This supplementary work was of course an emphasising of the purpose which had inspired the tale, and doubtless increased the impetus of the movement by which a decade or so later slavery was relegated to the iniquities abandoned by civilisation on its forward march.

Tom is sold by auction and taken off in fetters.
From a drawing by E. F. Skinner.

"If nature refuses," runs a line of Juvenal, "indignation will prompt a verse," and there is no doubt that it was the inspiration of indignation which made Mrs. Stowe write with a strength which in the ordinary course her literary nature lacked. It is by "Uncle Tom" that with the widest public she "lives," and by another of her stories inspired by the same indignation, "Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," and though the latter does not seem to have maintained its popularity on this side of the Atlantic, it has much of the same impressive power. It is indeed remarkable that with our present rage for reprinting "classics" there is not a single issue of "Dred" to companion the many editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The later story is a vivid and interesting narrative, which has undeservedly become overshadowed by the more famous one. Much of Mrs. Stowe's work in fiction largely owed its temporary success to the position which she took at a bound as the author of the greatest novel with a purpose that was ever written. It is as creator of Uncle Tom, as merciless delineator of the unmerciful monsters into which some men were turned by a vile system, that she became famous, it is as such that she won a position which makes it fitting that the centenary of her birth should not pass unnoticed.

Besides the stories named, Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote many tales of varying excellence, verses and essays, pamphlets, articles and accounts of travel. Yet one other story seems to merit fuller mention as being, apart from the anti-slavery tales, her best work of fiction, indeed Lowell



Uncle Tom.

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building close adjoining to "the house" — as the negro always pronounces designates the master's dwelling. In front it had a small garden patch where strawberries, raspberries & a variety of fruits flourished under ample training — down the whole front of the dwelling was covered with a large log vine & a native multiflora rose which entwining & interlacing left scarce a vestige of the building to be seen & in the spring was redolent with its clusters of wild fragrance & in summer was bedizened with the gaudiest tints of the rainbow. Various gay brilliant annuals such as marigolds four o'clocks & petunias found here and there a thrifty corner to expatiate in & their glories & even the delight & pride of Aunt Chloe's heart.

Let us enter the dwelling — The evening meal at "the house" is over & Aunt Chloe who presides over its preparation as head cook has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away & washing dishes & come out into her own snug territory to "get the old man's supper" & thereby doubtless to hear & tell the news of the neighborhood. Here you see by the fire place presiding with ample interest

Facsimile of page of MS. of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Eva reads the Bible to Uncle Tom.
From "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Blackie.)

declared it superior as a work of art to the better-known books. This is "The Minister's Wooing," in which Mrs. Stowe delineated the things she saw, the people she knew, in which she showed that "true perception of realities without which the ideality is impossible." She wrote much because she could, and doing so proved a ready means of adding to the scanty income of her early married life. When, after the publication of "Uncle Tom," she visited Europe, it was to have something like a triumphal progress through England, but her account of the trip, in "Sunny Memories," was not worthy of her reputation. On that earliest visit she first met Lady Byron, of whom she became, as it were, the literary mouthpiece, allowing her warm partisanship to accept uncritically the unreliable

Harriet Beecher Stowe.
From a daguerreotype.

reminiscences of an emotionally unbalanced old woman. It is not necessary to refer at any length to this subject, but it may be said that Mrs. Stowe's attitude in the controversy was more to the credit of her heart than of her head.

In 1889 the biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe, prepared by her son, with her assistance, was published, and on July 1, 1896, she died. Her "place" in literature is that of the writer to whom it was given to touch the imagination of her generation in such a way that the downfall of a hateful and degrading system was hastened. The occasion, it has been said, always produces the man. Moralists and idealists, poets and reformers had vigorously assailed the institution of slavery, but something more was needed, and no small portion of that something more was provided by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Eliza's flight over the ice,
which Mrs. Stowe says, in her introduction to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is the first "salient point" in the tale.
From a drawing by E. F. Skinner.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2: answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best serious or satirical comment in not more than twelve lines of original verse on the idea of substituting arbitration for war.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mr. CHARLES POWELL, of 37, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester, for the following:

UNCONFESSED. By MAXWELL GRAY. (John Long.)

"The padre said, 'Whatever have you been and done?'"
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

We also select for printing:

AN IMPOSSIBLE FRIEND. By E. L. HAVERFIELD. (Nisbet.)

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"
F. MORTON, *Speed the Plough.*

(R. G. Wyatt, 336, Old Ford Road, Victoria Park, E.)

GOLF, FOR THE LATE BEGINNER. By HENRY HUGHES. (John Long.)

"'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
'I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

(Miss E. M. Baker, Lindens, Marlborough Road, St. Albans.)

ALL AWRY. By MAUDE ANNESLEY. (Mills & Boon.)

"There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence, against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Adelaide A. Walkerdine, 52, Heathfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.)

THE IMMORTAL LURE. By CALE YOUNG RICE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"A frog he would a-wooing go."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

"By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple?"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

(Charles Powell, 37, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester.)

THE SOVEREIGN POWER. By MARK LEE LUTHER. (Macmillan.)

"An infant crying in the night, . . .
And with no language but a cry."
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

(Ernest F. Seymour, 32, Priory Park Road, Kilburn, N.W.)

THE SIMPLE LIFE LIMITED. By DANIEL CHAUCER. (John Lane.)

"In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
Two old chairs and half a candle,—
One old jug without a handle,—
These were all his worldly goods."
EDWARD LEAR, *Nonsense Songs.*

(Miss Gretta Rutherfurd, Campbell Road, Onehunga, Auckland, New Zealand.)

A SIMPLE PLAN FOR A NEW HOUSE OF LORDS. By A. M. S. METHUEN. (Methuen.)

"'And now,' quoth the minister (eased of his panics,
And ripe for each pastime the summer affords),
'Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics,
By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords.'"
THOMAS MOORE, *New Creation of Peers.*

(E. Railton Ward, Chaseley, Altrincham.)

"And thick and fast they came at last,
And more and more and more."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice through the Looking-Glass.*

(Leila Prentice, Greystoke, Surbiton Hill.)

Harriet Beecher Stowe.
From a photograph taken in 1862.
From "Harriet Beecher Stowe: The Story of Her Life."
(England: J. Nisbet & Co. America: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

FOR THE HUMAN MAN. (Title of Review.)
"A rosy cheek or a coral lip."
T. CAREW, *The True Beauty.*

(Walter G. Letham, 729, Arlington Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.)

II.—Considering the large number of papers sent in for it, the results in this Competition are a little disappointing. The best four-line motto for the holiday-maker, so far as idea was concerned, came from Miss Alicia Williams, of 1, Camden Crescent, Bath, but unfortunately in the only two lines that were meant to rhyme she attempted to mate "home" with "flown." On the whole, we award the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS to Miss MARION BURD, of Southend, Solihill, Warwickshire, for the following:

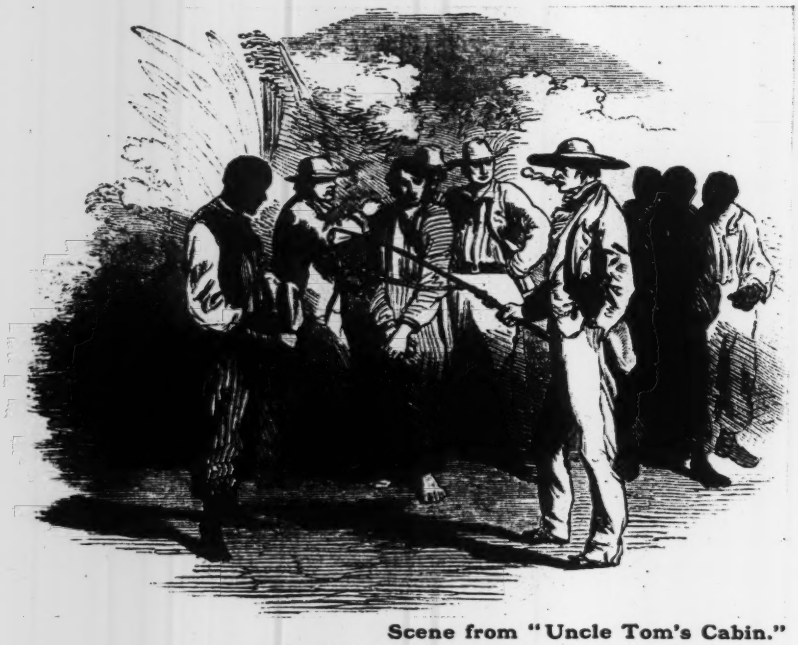
MOTTO FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER

"Calmness when you travel, and trains are full and late;
Calmness when the rain falls, and folks get in a state;
Calmness when the plans clash, and people won't agree;
Calmness when the bill comes, and you've spent your £ s. d."

We specially commend the mottoes sent in by the Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (South Woodford), Miss S. Isaacson (Clapham Park, S.W.), Norah E. Goodbody (Clara, King's Co.), W. S. Young (Lee, S.E.), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth, S.W.), J. D. Turpin (Portadown), Mary Wilford (Birstall), Miss M. G. D. Beales (Birstall), George Fawcett (Belfast), Janet Jeffrey (Murrayfield), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), R. G. Wyatt (Victoria Park, E.), A. Cameron Shore (Russell Square, W.C.), Chas. Webb (King's Lynn), Chas. Powell (Manchester), Miss A. M. Weir (Arbroath), Maud McDonald (Enfield), Mary L. Sherington (Hornsey), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Iris Rose (Ipswich), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), José Malcom (Bacup), Elinor Moore (Liverpool), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Gwendoline Chave (Tiverton), Florence H. Ellis (Halifax), Miss Wilkie (Hitchin),

Mrs. Stowe's House, Brunswick, Maine, where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written.
From "Harriet Beecher Stowe: The Story of Her Life."
(England: J. Nisbet & Co. America: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"There sat the two children on the floor, Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling."
From a water-colour drawing by Simon Harmon Vedder in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (A. & C. Black.



Scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
As performed at the Olympic Theatre in September, 1852.

James Smith (Aberdeen), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Bert Jacka (Pentonville, W.C.), Arthur Blundell (Southport), F. A. Salmon (Penzance), D. Whitelaw (Paisley), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), and A. W. W. (Liscard).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. R. H. KIDD, of 21, Downside Crescent, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

LEADERS OF THE PEOPLE. By JOSEPH CLAYTON. (Martin Secker.)

At the present time the problems of Democracy almost monopolise our attention. Mr. Clayton's "Leaders of the People" is not only "a book for the times," it is a book of permanent value, for it is a serious and weighty contribution to the history of our nation. With sympathy, but without partisanship, Mr. Clayton gives us clear-cut and lucid pictures of the men who have fought so strenuously, and at such terrible cost, to preserve the liberties of the people. A notable feature of the book is the thoroughness with which each chapter is supplied with references to authorities.

Other good reviews received are:

ACROSS THE FOREST AND FAR AWAY. By GERALDINE HODGSON. Illustrated by Gerald Hodgson, M.R.C.S., A.K.G. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

This charming little book is to be recommended to all those parents and guardians who have to do with imaginative children. It is a delightful fantasy of Forest Creatures, beautifully written and expressed, and very pathetic. The three most interesting chapters deal with "The Brown Owl's Story," "The Boggart who lived in the Pool," and "The House Bogle," but all are good. An altogether desirable book for the holidays, a unique blending of natural history and fairy lore.

(Emily Kington, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, N.B.)

BROTHER COPAS. By "Q." (Arrowsmith.)

"Brother Copas" is far removed from the early romances which brought its author fame. Strictly speaking, it is not a novel, but a further instalment of *obiter dicta* from a Cornish window; this time concerning social and religious movements. The Brethren of Noble Poverty, in their picturesque setting of Winchester, form an admirable vehicle for discoursing, with much charm, of child life, of education, of Romanising influences in the Church, of pageants, of the House of Lords. It is the output of a scholarly mind: the work of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch rather than the "Q" we knew of old.

(G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

THE INNOCENCE OF FATHER BROWN. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Cassell.)

When a great stylist sets himself to write a novel the public expects a good thing, and in this case they are not disappointed. The little priest, Father Brown, is a great character—worthy to go down to posterity with the immortal Sherlock. It is a treat to read sensational tales so well written. Each story grips the reader's attention at once and holds it to the end. "The Hammer of God" is perhaps the best. The plots are most mystifying, but all is clearly explained at the end of the story. Without doubt a book to read.

(James A. Richards, 10, Park Road, Tenby, S. Wales.)

LADIES WHOSE BRIGHT EYES. By F. MADOX HUEFFER. (Constable.)

It comes as somewhat of a "sell" to one when the story suddenly becomes a thrilling romance of the middle ages instead of an entrancing tale of modern life. Mr. Sorrell, an American, because of a cracked skull received in a railway smash, is precipitated into the thirteenth century. An ancient cross received from a lady he had befriended plays an important part in the adventure. The writer is very successful in his efforts to realise the working of the mediæval mind. A happy ending is rendered possible, since "the lady" was also enjoying a subsequent existence, and a return to the twentieth century puts things right.

(H. M. Creswell Payne, Penare, Whitemoor, St. Austell.)

BURNING DAYLIGHT. By JACK LONDON. (Heinemann.)

The virility so characteristic of this writer is to be found pervading this story, and Burning Daylight, as pioneer of the development of Alaska, as gambler on the Stock Exchange, and as the lover of Dede Mason, must perforce arouse interest—if not admiration—in all who read the rousing scenes in which he is the foremost figure. Pathos is not wanting in the story of his career, and his return to the soil in the prime of his days in the company of his comrade and wife makes up for much which demands forgiveness in his city career.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, 196, Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.)

MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAILL. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Mills & Boon.)

The value of this book lies in its profundity and truth as a psychological study. The style is somewhat jerky, the writing is occasionally careless, the subject chosen is a dour one, but the writer's grasp of it would atone for more faults than exist in his manipulation; and Mr. Perrin lives; one knows him intimately, and will never forget him. This outcome of absolute sincerity, close observation, understanding, knowledge of human nature, and most tender sympathy with it, is worth all the facile, ephemeral stories of love and adventure that might be collected in a long summer's day.

(Mrs. H. H. Penrose, Deepcut Bungalow, Frimley Green, Surrey.)

IN HIGHLAND HARBOURS WITH PARA HANDY. By HUGH FOULIS. (Blackwood.)

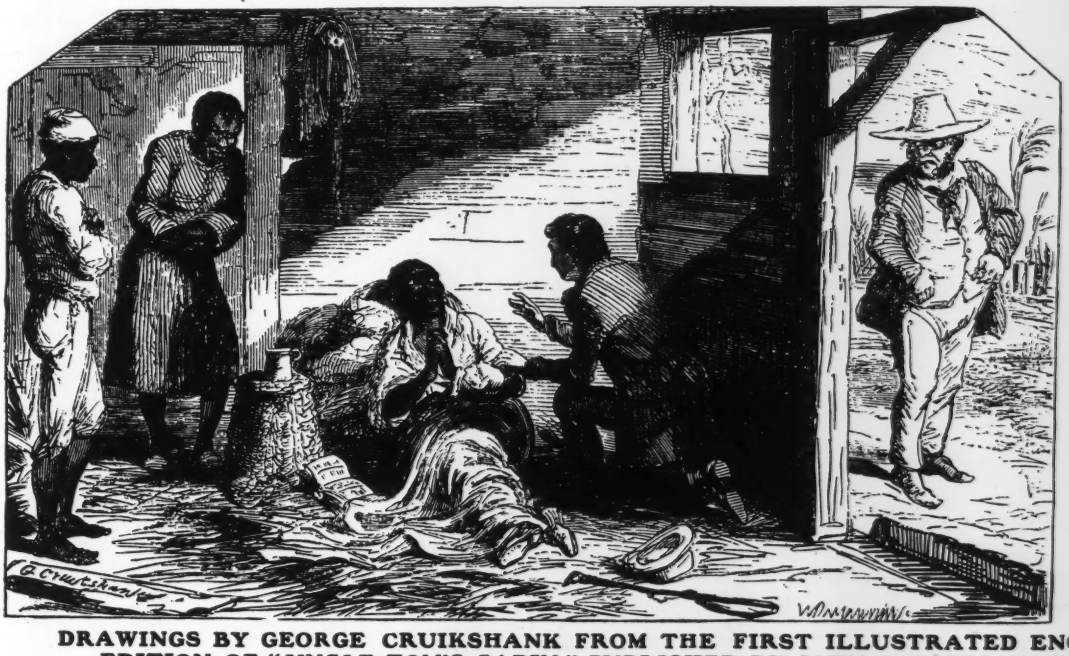
The strong air of these "Highland Harbours" seems to have had a baneful effect upon Para Handy's visit, for here it is decidedly weak. The real humour of the book lies not so much in the witticisms of the kind-hearted old skipper himself as in the quaint drollery of his descriptions and the quiet touches of sarcasm with which he hits off the favourite weaknesses of his friends and acquaintances. And here, in truth, he is "chust sublime." But perhaps the best point of the whole book is the

Valuing the Human Article.

"The boy drew his chubby face down to a formidable length and commenced toning a psalm tune through his nose with imperturbable gravity."

The Separation of Mother and Child.

"The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and partly by force, loosed the poor creature's last despairing hold, and as they led her off to her new master's waggon, strove to comfort her."



The Death of Uncle Tom.

"When George entered the shed, he felt his head giddy and his heart sick. 'Is it possible? Is it possible?' said he, kneeling down by him. 'Uncle Tom, my poor old friend!'"

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK FROM THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH EDITION OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," PUBLISHED BY JOHN CASSELL IN 1852.

clever reproduction of the Western Highland dialect, and in this respect it quite equals its predecessor, "The Vital Spark."

(Louisa A. Beveridge, Gordon Villa, Balmoral Avenue, Belfast.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by X. Y. Z., Cambridge (who is disqualified for exceeding the hundred-word limit); J. Pringle Thomson (Edinburgh), Kate Lee (Harrow), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Lilian C. Young (Grove Park), G. G. G. (Liscard), Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Miss R. M. Paterson (Fleet), G. M. Elmwood (Grimsby), Florence L. Payne (St. Austell), William Morriss (Sheffield), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Miss Browne (Worcester), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Miss Mackechnie (Stirling), May Coleman (Scarborough), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), B. Williams (Smethwick), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), A. Blundell (Southport), M. C. M. Grouther (Glasgow), H. W. Cornelius (Wandsworth), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), Evelyn Makry (Folkestone), and L. H. Cooke (Stockport).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. K. S. VENKATARAMAIRI, Kavaripatam, Tanjore District, South India.

Harriet Beecher Stowe at 46.

From the bust by Miss G. Durant, exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1857, and now in New York University.

From "Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe." Edited by Annie Fields. (Sampson Low & Co.)

FOURNIER'S "NAPOLEON."*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

PROFESSOR FOURNIER published the first edition of this work in 1885 and the second in 1904-6. Twenty years filled with study and research, marked also by ever-growing piles of Napoleonic literature, divide these instances—which show us how history ought to be written—of a scholarship wedded to choice language, free from partisan or national bias, always dignified and aiming at truth. Oxford, in Mr. Fisher's brief commendatory page, sets a seal on original and translation, not undeserved. We have many a "Life" of Napoleon; but the verdict here given, with adequate documents, by an Austrian writing at Vienna, claims a very high place among them. It is eminently sane and well balanced. It does not pretend to be an attorney's instruction to an advocate, or itself a pleading on either side, but a summing-up on the evidence. To Professor Fournier, the Corsican appears as at once "the greatest Parvenu of all time" and as more than any other individual man determining the fortunes of the modern world. From Béranger's "hymns" to Barbier's satires, from Thiers with his Revolutionary Epic to Lanfrey's indictment and Taine's analysis, a strange composite Galton-photograph might be produced; but could we believe it was like any human figure? Legend and triviality mar the proportions or distort the outlines of a character which, by its abnormal energies, its mingling of vast designs with attention to detail, its firmness, concentration of idea, and isolation from humanity, leaves no standard to measure it. Never was there a more striking illustration of the words in Shakespeare, "I am myself alone."

Thus we are baffled for want of comparison, and we fall back on prejudice, making to ourselves a British, German, French Napoleon, at whom the real Bonaparte would smile or frown. The British "eidolon" is familiar to us, especially in school-books—a foil to Nelson's glory and the occasional cause of Wellington's Waterloo. But Napoleon did not exist merely that England might send him to St. Helena. He was a world-portent, a great natural force, in the happy expression of Stendhal or Emerson. And so Professor Fournier is willing to allow the Emperor's own account of himself, for a "child of Destiny" he surely was, "the product and the consummation of the Revolution." Hence in these volumes

* "Napoleon I.: A Biography." By August Fournier, Professor of History at the University of Vienna, etc. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. Introduction by H. A. L. Fisher, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. 2 Vols. With Frontispiece and 7 Maps. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

we view him under two aspects; in one of which he is intent only on his private ambition, but in the other he serves to realise the idea to which he owes his greatness. He serves, I say; and that word "service," making an end of "privilege," tells us why the principles of '89, armed with this incomparable weapon, Bonaparte's genius, overthrew the kings of Europe and shattered their mercenary battalions. Where the soldier conquered, the Code Napoléon followed. We may find in him twenty men or more; but if we cannot refuse Taine's three-quarter portrait of him as Cæsar Borgia, there is a full-length which reveals him to history; in lasting colours he was Alexander of Macedon, who carried Greek civilisation from the Mediterranean to the Indus. Europe, dying on its worn-out system, was unable to give itself a new one. The Revolution had long been inevitable. When it broke out "chaos was come again," with seeds of life but no order in its workings. Carnot has been termed the organiser of victory. Napoleon was the organiser of civilisation, as for a hundred years it has been upheld on the Continent. In law, in administration, in finance, in military, and even in ecclesiastical affairs, he remains the Emperor of the West.

This Napoleon, not the god of battles, nor the vanquished of Moscow and La Belle Alliance, is little known to Englishmen, unless they have done a rare thing and considered Europe from another meridian than that of Greenwich. But Professor Fournier always keeps him in sight. Let me not be misunderstood. The story is told as a story, not in dissertations. It has the due infusion of personalities and discreetly handles gossip when required. It rises at the critical moments to a situation, though on its guard against Victor Hugo strokes and outcries. I believe this middle style superior to the fatiguing monotony of Taine's mosaic (however valuable are Taine's quotations), for it results in a clear page, easy to read and remember. We get our moral problems discussed; and we become acquainted with "Napoléon intime," though not entreated to accept the bourgeois delineation of his good and bad qualities set forth in that well-meaning volume by M. Arthur Lévy. An eagle is a bird of prey, not nice in his habits, but not a barn-door fowl. Tried at Common Law, which is a judgment seat none of us can escape, the modern Alexander would be sentenced to penal servitude, as in fact he underwent it. His faults, nay his crimes, are not to be condoned. On the ethical scale he stands as low as on the scale of permanent public achievement he stands high. Bonaparte could scarcely credit a rumour of unselfish action, and never dreamt man or woman was capable of resisting temptation. It is probably this unbelief that gives to his conversation and his letters a tone we must call (for want of the right word) vulgar, and that leaves us cold before his famous manifestos, too evidently claptrap. The murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the imprisonment of Pius VII., were crimes; but they were also acts of perfidy and meanness which disgust while they provoke resentment, and ever will. Bonaparte, says Emerson, "was a boundless liar." His correspondence and State papers, laid open since Emerson wrote, enlarge our conception of the possibilities of lying. In this feature, most of all, he resembles Cæsar Borgia, and is the beau ideal of Machiavelli's "Prince." Faithful to the end, he sits at St. Helena dictating historic falsehoods to gull posterity. It is to him inconceivable that any man should tell the truth to his own disadvantage. The hero was never to blame; therefore Brueys lost the battle of the Nile by disobeying instructions; the winter and Murat explain the disasters in Russia, which began earlier than the snow, and did not require anything to account for them except Napoleon's failure to cope with so enormous an expedition. In like manner it was Grouchy that blundered in the campaign of Waterloo, yet he did so by the Emperor's written commands. When the Pope timidly whispers that he is only a trustee and cannot give away the Roman States or yield up the Papal powers, he is told by Napoleon-Ahab that he, and not his gaoler, is troubling the Church. Some great men have been magnanimous; Bonaparte always trampled on his victim, and insulted him at the same time. It is extraordinary that Carlyle, or any one well read in history, should imagine there is an essential connection between goodness and genius. Napoleon's life refutes that amiable theory at every point. And of him in the days when he was most triumphant Victor Hugo's saying holds, "Le succès est hideux." The Emperor who made kings come bow to him at Erfurt is hardly more engaging than Attila.

Among the clear issues demonstrated by Professor Fournier, none should be more telling than his proof that the Republic, as far back as 1795, had resolved on closing against England all the ports of Europe. It was the "Continental system," and Napoleon had only

Stained Glass Window recently placed in Old Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

The central figure is Harriet Beecher Stowe. On the left is Mary Lyon, who was a leading advocate of the higher education of women and founded Mount Holyoke College, at South Hadley, Mass. On the right is Emma Willard, also an advocate of "improvement of female education." The seated figure is Catherine Esther Beecher, Mrs. Stowe's sister.

to put it in practice. So, too, the expedition to Egypt was foreshadowed in 1796. That profound observer, Mallet du Pan, says of the then Directory: "It is rousing Persia, undermining Constantinople, and filling India with its emissaries." The Committee of Public Safety was bent on secularising the ecclesiastical States along the Rhine and confederating its princes, just as Napoleon did in 1806. Writing home from Berlin, Sieyès in 1798 declared the German shores of the North Sea "the most important part of the world for France." These astonishing words are still true, with an addition which may be debated but cannot seriously be denied, that England's fate is now involved in the fortunes of her ancient rival. The mouths of the Weser and the Elbe, of the Rhine and the Scheldt, are mouths of destiny, in which empires could be lost. However, the Republic had neither plan nor method. Its general, when he became its master, supplied both. He was a day-dreamer whose dreams turned out to be true, for he made them so. He dealt with real categories, time, space, numbers, quantities, in a way that Cæsar and Alexander did not surpass and scarcely equalled. His unsleeping memory, his power to seize the centre and co-ordinate particulars beneath a governing idea, his concrete vision—these things intensify life as we read about them; and how could inferior men get the better of one who, as he said to the inane Cardinal Fesch, saw the stars in daytime? It was part of Napoleon's good luck that he never met his match on the battlefield and only once in diplomacy. The Archduke Charles beat him at Aspern; but no military judge would rank the Archduke with Napoleon. In the Russian campaign, very distinctly set before us here, the generals who hung round his steps were feeble and frightened, like dogs attacking a lion. The diplomatist whom he could not intimidate or hoodwink was Consalvi; and this Roman Cardinal happened to be changing horses at Fréjus when the fallen Emperor passed along the road on his journey to Elba—I had almost written Canossa. Why had he fallen? Because he understood only facts and forces, but could never grasp the inward meaning of religion, liberty, national spirit. After all, he was more like Caliban than Prospero, an earthly mind endowed with colossal strength, serving higher purposes than he knew. Professor Fournier has treated the man and his mission with judgment, fairness, competence, and may be read to the end. We cannot ask much more of history except when Thucydides makes it his province.

New Books.

NIETZSCHE'S PLEA FOR AUTHORITY.*

This is a profoundly stimulating and suggestive volume which should be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by all those who hold (or do *not* hold) with the gospel (or is it heresy?) of Individualism, that theory of government which favours the utmost social and economic liberty of the human unit, that good (or is it bad?) principle which declares that every man should be his own master, should be a law unto himself. It is an echo of the voice of one of the profoundest thinkers of the day crying in the wilderness for a return to Authority with its connotations, Command, Reverence, Despotism, Obedience, Greatness, and Inequality. It is a powerful plea for the sane authority of the Superman as against the insane authority of committees, assemblies, herds, crowds, and mobs. Professedly Mr. Ludovici deals in this volume with this principle as it affects Art. Practically he does much more than this, contending, and with no little plausibility (I use the word in its *best* sense), that the crying need of the present time is for Leaders, Supermen, in every branch of Life and Thought, who can be trusted to raise the community to its highest power, rather than for the "sort of inverted Midas" (I thank Mr. Ludovici for that word) "at whose touch all gold turns to tinsel, all pearls to beads, and all beauty withers and fades." I am aware that these views will not commend themselves to all, probably indeed not to the large majority, but I beg all thinking men and women to give due consideration to Mr. Ludovici's unfashionable theories.

He contends, amongst other things, that in this critical (I use the word in its *worst* sense) age we are living upon high-sounding phrases rather than upon sound principles. We talk big words, but do mighty little things. Take, for example, the Equality of Man. How splendid that sounds! But who really believes in it, acts upon it? Certainly Jesus Christ did not. He arrogated to Himself the right to teach "as *one* having authority," as a Superman, standing high above His hearers, calling to them to come up to His standard, not flattering them into contentment with a dead level of mediocrity. He commended them to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. He no more suggested that they should ransack Cæsar's palaces and divide the proceeds amongst themselves, than the Top-Dogs of to-day, who were amongst the Bottom-Dogs of yesterday, suggest that to-day's Bottom-Dogs shall share alike with them the emoluments of their new-found offices and perquisites. These are not Mr. Ludovici's words, but I take it to be his meaning. Let us read a few of the wise things which he writes in this volume, and which were spoken by him in the lecture room of University College, London, in November and December, 1910. To begin with, it is important to realise that "Nietzsche's artistic standpoint should be regarded as the very basis of all his thought," and that "no better access could be discovered to his spirit than by way of his æsthetic." This being proved, with much illumination, Mr. Ludovici proceeds to discuss the anarchy prevailing in Modern Art, comparing with it the Reverence for Authority that once obtained.

> "Probably," he says, "but few men, to-day, could fall on their knees and sob at the death-bed of a great artist, as Pope Leo X. once did. Maybe there are but one or two who, like Taiko's generals, when Teaism was in the ascendant in Japan, would prefer the present of a rare work of art to a large grant of territory as a reward for victory; and there is certainly not one individual in our midst but would curl his lips at the thought of a mere servant sacrificing his life for a precious picture."

Again—

> "Not only does every one arrogate to himself the right to utter his word upon Art; but Art's throne itself is now claimed by thousands upon thousands of usurpers—each of whom has a 'free personality,' which he insists upon expressing and to whom severe law and order would be an insuperable barrier. Exaggerated individualism and anarchy are the result."

* "Nietzsche and Art." By Anthony M. Ludovici. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

The Lady Nophret.
(Cairo Museum.)
From "Nietzsche and Art," by Anthony M. Ludovici. (Constable.)

In a word the modern man desires not to learn. He yearns to assert his right to criticise. He has no reverence for nor understanding of the artist, the Superman, as a seer, a prophet, who is there to show him what he can never find out for himself. He conceives that realism, not interpretation, is the thing needful. He forgets that nature was without form and void until the magnificent spirit of God "moved upon the face of the waters."

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Ludovici confines himself to generalities. He backs up his indictment by modern instances both punctual and incisive. To take an example: Dealing with the muddle which now obtains in architecture, he points out the glaring faults observable in our latest and most obvious of modern buildings. In the new War Office in Whitehall "we find structural expedients used as ornaments." In the Local Government Board offices and the Piccadilly Hotel (Regent Street side) "we find the most rigid parts of the buildings, in form (the rectangular parts, etc.), placed near the roof instead of in the basement." In the Piccadilly Hotel (Piccadilly side) and the Sicilian Avenue (Bloomsbury) we find "pillars standing supporting, and supported by, nothing"; in New Scotland Yard, "solids over voids"; in the Gaiety Theatre "mullions supporting arches" and "real windows appearing as mere holes in the wall while the ornamental windows are shams"; in the Local Government Board "keystones introduced into lintels"; in the Marylebone Workhouse "pilasters resting upon keystones."

I quote these things as examples of Mr. Ludovici's admirable methods, aware at the same time how absurdly inadequate they are to give more than an indication of the value of his treatise, to give any full estimate of it being an impossibility in a short review.

He believes, though he does not say it in these words, that the world should be governed by the few Supermen, not by a mob of superficial men, that the vox populi is not the vox Dei, that, in Nietzsche's words, "once Spirit was God, then it became man, and now it becometh mob." He holds with Matthew Arnold that every man may say what he likes but with this proviso, that "the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they say what they like, *is worth saying*. . . . Culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, *and to get the raw person to like that*."

I do not say that Mr. Ludovici has all the truth on his side, but this I do deliberately say, that no one who has not regarded life from his, or perhaps I should say Nietsche's, standpoint is in a position to adjudge what is best for humanity in the body politic, and further that nobody, who wills to know, can rise from the perusal of this book without being conscious of a broadened outlook, a refreshing and heartening vision of something beyond the sordid materialism of our modern conditions. Personally, I have to thank the author for an unusual refreshment.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

THE COMIC SPIRIT IN MEREDITH.*

Mr. Beach justifies the existence of his book by arguing that critics of Meredith have hitherto ignored or undervalued the Comic Spirit for the most part. "They never fail to pay perfunctory tribute to Meredith's wit and humour. But the comedy itself they pass by with grave unconsciousness; or they pause to name it, as in duty bound, only to proceed with nervous haste." This sounds rather a sweeping judgment on his predecessors. From Mr. Le Gallienne to Mrs. Sturge Henderson, the significance of the Comic Spirit has been more or less fully recognised in Meredith's prose and verse. If any critics have been inclined to presuppose their readers' acquaintance with it, this has been due in all likelihood to the fact that Meredith himself wrote a special exposition of what he considered to be the essence and function of comedy in literature. In his own opening chapter Mr. Beach indeed does no more than develop the idea of this essay in connection with Meredith's work. He returns to this in the last two chapters, while the intervening pages are occupied with an able critical analysis of the various stories and poems in which the Comic Spirit is held to be most prominent.

The method of Mr. Beach's inquiry is thorough, but the result is not any specific contribution to the inward significance of the Comic Spirit. He analyses with zest and care the various novels, but his successive chapters seldom amount to much more than an introduction to the leading ideas and the construction of the romance under review. One of the best sections is that devoted to "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." "My understanding of the great Shaddock Dogma," says Mr. Beach, "is something like this. Shaddock is another name for grape-fruit, which is by some taken to be the apple of Eden, source of all our depravity. Now woman tempted man to eat of the apple. Woman remains our chief tempter, the root of sin. She is indeed the present apple of our temptation. She is the germ of the Apple-Disease." This is well put, and there are plenty of equally good remarks scattered over these chapters. When Mr. Beach fails to convince is in his treatment of a novel like "Diana of

* "The Comic Spirit in George Meredith." By Joseph Warren Beach. 5s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

the Crossways," which he regards as "the most commonplace of Meredith's novels," and as much less characteristic of the Comic Spirit than most of the others. But "Diana" was written upon what was assumed to be the truth about Mrs. Norton's career, and certainly Meredith himself intended to illustrate in it the philosophy of laughter. It is in "Diana" that he expressly put one of his best definitions of that philosophy: "The promptness to laugh is an excellent progenitorial foundation for the wit to come in a people. . . . When a nation has acknowledged that it is as yet but in the fisticuff stage of the art of condensing our purest sense to golden sentences, a readier appreciation will be extended to the gift which is to strike, not the dazzled eyes, the unanticipating nose, the ribs, the sides, and stun us, twirl us, hoodwink, mystify, tickle and twitch, by dexterities of lingual sparring and shuffling, but to strike roots in the mind, the Hesperides of good things." Percy Dacier is surely a type of what Meredith conceived to be the egoist, with his "icy pillar of pride in the background of his nature" and his secret attitude of superior contempt for women. Sentimentalism, too, gets its ugly knocks in "Diana." It is not easy, therefore, to agree with Mr. Beach's depreciatory verdict upon the book, even in connection with the Comic Spirit. Another minor point on which Mr. Beach fails to persuade is his argument that "The House on the Beach" is a tale "laid in a strange unfamiliar world of dreams and consistent unrealities." Where are the unfamiliar dreams? And would it not be at least as accurate to speak of "inconsistent realities" as the scene of poor Tinman's manœuvres? On the other hand, Mr. Beach shows his critical accuracy by the praise he gives to "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper," and by his conviction that "The Egoist" will become "for English readers, what it is said to be now for the French, the representative novel of Meredith. If it be true that comedy was Meredith's characteristic genre, 'The Egoist' must be his masterpiece." Still, there are reservations to be made. Meredith had gifts which were more than "comic," even in his peculiar definition of the term, and "Beauchamp's Career," together with "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," will always represent a Meredith who could not put himself entirely into even the characters of "The Egoist."

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D. LITT.

TALK OF THE TOWN.*

So far as topics are concerned, Mrs. John Lane deals in this new book of her essays with matters that are literally, more or less, talk of the town, but the town does not talk about them half so cleverly as she writes about them. She writes of "The Tyranny of Clothes," "The Plague of Monuments," "The Craze of Collecting," "The Trials of the Celebrated," "The Wrong Sex," "Men's Wrongs," and in general of the manners, morals, follies, pleasure, and business of the everyday modern world, with a freshness of outlook, a playful satire and racy humour that may have characterised social talk in the days before conversation became a lost art, but we have never been lucky enough to sit in a drawing-room or at a dinner-table next to any one who has been able to discourse on any and every subject under the sun with such an easy and sparkling brilliancy.

Nor is it only because of their smartness and their wit that these essays are so thoroughly enjoyable. Mrs. Lane is a shrewd observer; if she has a keen sense of life's absurdities, she has also as keen a sense of its underlying pathos, a hearty contempt for all snobbery and silly pomposity, a broad sympathy with the under-dog and those who play the game well and fairly, but fail to collect their share of the stakes. She has an incisive way, too, of cutting straight through the shows of things, and coming at the honest facts. Touching on "The New Fashion in Heroes," and on how from the beginning the common man as a warrior has invariably got more kicks than glory, she says:

"Not only have the military heroes of all ages had the cream of the glory, but in the tradition of every nation, as if that were not enough, there has been prepared for them when they were so unlucky as to be killed a Valhalla where they could eternally repose after their glorious deeds. Valhalla, also, was a kind of gigantic Trust to which only pedigree heroes were eligible. It might be a queer pedigree: father a god, mother a mere mortal—there are several known instances of such irregular domestic arrangements—but, at any rate, the hero had to be Somebody. . . . Only the socially elect were eligible who had fallen either gloriously killing or been gloriously killed.

"In a way the fashion in glory is dying hard, for the business of what might be called legally killing has ever been considered very noble and exclusive, at least for the men on top, while there has always been an inconsistent prejudice against a gentleman lurking at a street corner on purpose to put a weapon through any one who has aroused his antipathy. . . .

"It must be confessed that our rewards to the rank and file have never been very lavish, and are not even now, for it is still the well born who get the cream and the glory. Even tradition does not bother much about the rank and file, although in all ages they have done the hard work and been killed, and been forgotten after the first effervescence of gratitude was over. And they have always had to be satisfied with a sample man reaping the reward of their heroism. When one sees the tragic relics of war stumping along on one leg or joining the ranks of the unemployed with one arm, or sitting by the roadside with both eyes shot away, and hardly any one pausing to notice, one cannot but be struck by the magnificent temporary nature of gratitude. On one side maimed survivors, and on the other the sample man with reverberating titles, decorations, glory, money, and a mistaken sense of his own importance fostered by a benevolent press. Somehow one can't help wishing, if Valhalla still exists and is so exclusive, that there might be a middle-class Valhalla for middle-class heroes."

This is not the usual view taken of military heroism and glory by women, or by men, but I doubt if there is a Jingo amongst us who will not nowadays feel at the back of his mind that it is the sensible and the true one. Good too is the dissertation on "The Tragedy of the Ex," in which I had marked for quotation several epigrams that I find I have no space for; and for the same reason I am bound to pass over "The Trials of the Celebrated," remarking only, when Mrs. Lane exclaims, "I wonder who edited the first 'Who's Who'? It must have been the serpent in the Garden of Eden," that it is unkind to saddle the Arch Enemy of mankind with a sin that was committed by Mr. Douglas Sladen. "London by the Sea" and "The London Bus" are delightfully humorous sketches; and there is plenty of truth and acute common sense mingled with lively and amusing comment on life as we are living it in "The Tyranny of the Past," "The Minor Crimes," "The Poetry of Sound," and "The Pleasures of Being in the Right." England is, as Churchill has it,

> "a land, we know,
> Where follies naturally grow,
> Where without culture they arise
> And tower above the common size,"

and judging by "The American and his Holiday," Mrs. Lane finds her native country has a strong family likeness to it in this respect; circumstances that we are not going to regret at present, since it is these follies, weaknesses, imperfections, and laughable social foibles of the English-speaking peoples that have given occasion for such witty and piquant books as "According to Maria," "The Champagne Standard," and this third and latest and equally entertaining "Talk of the Town."

A.

* "Talk of the Town." By Mrs. John Lane. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

SHAKESPEARIANA.*

While there are wise words yet to be said on Shakespeare, he stands nevertheless in some considerable peril of being buried beneath a mountain of printed matter concerning him. He has been, and will yet be, the text whereby wisdom may perpend on the universe, for at his height of achievemen he came so near the heart of things, and he came with

* "Shakespeare Bibliography: A Dictionary of every Known Issue of the Writings of our National Poet and of Recorded Opinion thereon in the English Language." By Wm. Jaggard. £3 3s. net. (Shakespeare Press.)

so true a spirit and so passionate a heart, that to speak of him is to come very near much that is precious in the earth. His width of vision was like Nature, in that it suggested a synthesis it could not utter. Nor was this width and breadth at the cost of passion, as in the case of the poetry of Morris. He struck the rarer virtue of being passionate with it all; for, while to be passionate with intensity is as rare as Dante, to be passionate with width of vision defies expression. It defies expression because it is something strictly godlike: it knows all things and yet lusts for all things. Therefore the wise turn to him; for however wide he be, he is yet less wide than Nature; and therefore he is easier of approach.

But while the wise turn to him, so do the foolish also, on the principle that there is space in him for antics. But it is rather a revelation to turn the pages of this portly and handsome book, and learn with what abandon wise and foolish have come to him. Over fourteen hundred columns of their labours! Or, as Mr. Jaggard himself puts it, "over thirty-six thousand distinct entries and references, including many hitherto unrecorded editions, with thousands of illustrative notes and extracts." The indefatigable labour this must necessarily have meant compels our profound respect. It is a renewed testimony as to what can be achieved by the human race in the way of perseverance. Mr. Jaggard himself informs us that it has meant twenty-two years of labour: a thing not be coughed at.

Nevertheless (as might have been expected in the frailty of all effort) the task is yet not so complete that the critical knife cannot find insertion between the joints of the pieces. Take, for example, the whole question of the Shakespearian stage! Here, obviously, the only course possible of adoption is to enclose the whole field, even though some of it may not bear directly on Shakespeare. Mr. Jaggard himself acknowledges this in the general method of his procedure. For example, in a different field, he includes some of the Malone Society's publications, that can only be said to cover Shakespeare by implicit reference. Also, in this very field of the Elizabethan stage, he includes Richard Flecknoe's extremely suggestive "Short Treatise of the English Stage" (1664). He also includes all Frederick Gard Fleay, his cousin in the field of indefatigable labour. Yet, despite these indications of the general acceptance of the method, he is far from being inclusive: he stumbles over a very initial and impermissible blunder. For a starting point of examination it would do well to take, say, Victor E. Albright's "The Shakespearian Stage" (June, 1909). It is not mentioned, though his preparatory study for it, "A Typical Shakespearian Stage" (January, 1908), is duly recorded. Inasmuch as the earlier book was explicitly stated to be but a study, and inasmuch as it is only the third chapter in the later book, this is the less easily to be understood. Passing that over, however, Dr. Albright's book received much of its inspiration from, and was written partly in refutation of, the earlier work of G. F. Reynolds in *Modern Philology* for April and June, 1905, and October, 1907, and in his book, "Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging" (Chicago, 1905). From this flowed what is probably one of the most luminous and suggestive of all books and articles on this perplexing and interesting question, Mr. William Archer's article on "The Elizabethan Stage" in the *Quarterly Review* (April, 1908). To this again succeeded Mr. Harold Child's admirable summary of the known facts concerning "The Elizabethan Decade" in Vol. VI. of "The Cambridge History of English Literature"—a summary that is more than a summary in that it discusses the general findings from quite an independent standpoint. Now here is a happy little cluster on a deeply interesting Shakespearian subject. Yet none of them is mentioned. And then it dawns upon one that why Dr. Albright's earlier essay is mentioned, and Messrs. Reynolds, Archer, and Child passed by in silence, is because the first employs the word Shakespearian and the second the word Elizabethan—though even this does not account for the omission of the completer work Dr. Albright promised in his essay. Now that such an artificial distinction should prevail is impermissible. That the mood of a man's method of terminology should decide whether his work is or is not Shakespearian is a rather disastrous aspect of affairs. Messrs. Reynolds, Archer, and Child might well have employed the word Shakespearian, and Dr. Albright might have used the word Elizabethan, for all the difference it would have made to the position of affairs. There are also many articles interspersed in the various magazines on this same question, some of which win their record, but several of which fail to achieve this distinction.

This is only one field: a field that has been examined in a systematic kind of way. There are also other omissions in other fields. For example, Seager's "Natural History in Shakespeare's Time" is not recorded. Turning to the account of Professor C. W. Wallace's work, mention is made of his articles in the *Century Magazine* for August and September, 1910, but his articles in the *Times* for October 2 and 4 of the same year are omitted. It is true they cover much the same ground; but it is to the *Times* articles that the student will turn, not less than to the *Century* articles. Similarly his book published by the Nebraska University on "Newly Discovered Shakespeare Documents" is mentioned, but his important, if stiff and unwieldly, work on "The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars" fails to find its place. This is all the more remarkable as Mr. Jaggard has taken the trouble to procure advance sheets of the same writer's "Shakespeare, the Globe and Blackfriars," long promised, and long awaited. Moreover, most of the articles in Vols. V. and VI. of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" are unrecorded. And some of them are valuable, notably Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Walder in Vol. V., and Mr. Child (as already mentioned) and Mr. Boas (whose article deals with the important reference to Shakespeare in "The Returne from Parnassus," Part II., and the slighter references in Part I.) in Vol. VI. But it is time to close this noxious business of the censor. Suffice it only to say further that Mr. Jaggard would probably have been better advised had he schemed his book somewhat differently. That so large a portion should have been taken up under "Shakespeare" gives it a lack of balance. And that it is not possible to follow up sections together, such sections as, say, the stage, his legal knowledge, the chronological order of his work, works on his private life, is a serious hindrance in a busy day.

But these are all cavillings. It is a tribute to the book that it is worth criticism, however doubtful such a tribute may seem after twenty-two years of doughty labour. In truth, the book is a compendium on the subject that cannot well be praised too highly. Its value to the lover of Shakespeare, and the student of his work, would be hard to overrate; whereas it serves in no less a degree the more equable and serene delight of the man who despises the irritations of study, and who knows the flicking tender smile and the eager eye of the "browser's" joy. In it learning and study bend to delight.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

SHAN BULLOCK'S NEW NOVEL.*

There seems to be a notion abroad nowadays that a novel, to be a great novel, must needs deal with some moral, sexual, medical, religious or social problem. Writers of such novels stroke the hair back to reveal the size of their brows, and expect to be taken very seriously, and a good many of us, anxious for our reputations as persons of intellect, are afraid to smile at them. You find the people in these novels for ever talking about their inmost souls; for ever thinking and prattling of some unwholesome sexual relationship; for ever mistaking their sores for beauty-spots; all the attention of the reader is con-

* "Hetty." By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

centrated on a single interest in their lives, until that interest assumes such abnormal importance that their cup seems to have been filled with what was really nothing but a little nasty sediment at the bottom of it. No man's life is absorbed in a single interest, unless he is a freak or a lunatic; and it is essentially a little novel that shows him so narrowly preoccupied. How many men or women do you know who are wholly devoting their thoughts to any one of the problems that serve for motives in such stories? The great novelist sees things in due perspective, and has a proper sense of proportion; he does not imagine that he presents his landscape truthfully by giving you a minute study of one tree out of the half-hundred that grow upon it, and he does not delude himself with a notion that it is clever to paint the background in the foreground.

If Mr. Shan Bullock were less of a conscientious artist, and could only persuade himself that the great novelist does not find the fulness of life out on the world's highways, but lying in backyards waiting to be raked out of the dust-bins, he might have quarrelled with the censorship long before now, and be notorious, if not popular. His "Robert Thorne" is one of the truest and biggest things in recent fiction. If he does not quite reach the high level of that book in his new novel, "Hetty," he gives us a narrative that for its intrinsic interest, its quiet realism and truth to human nature, is incomparably beyond the achievement of the average novelist, and of many of those who are more heard of because, whilst he is intent on making music, they are satisfied to make a noise.

The plot of "Hetty" amounts to little; the lives of most of us are a mingled yarn that is never woven into a plot of any sort; but the characters here are living human creatures, and they talk and act accordingly, and hold your sympathies by virtue of this subtle and powerful lifelikeness. The vivid pictures of modern Irish life in these pages are admirable. Hetty herself is a little masterpiece of characterisation, and her love story wholly charming without being in the least idealised. Her lover is one of the most natural men we have met in fiction. Her sister, Rhona, though she plays a smaller part, is no less finely studied. To summarise the plot, dropping out the many minor threads that count for so much in the total effect, would be to misrepresent the book, and to give an adequate idea of the various men and women who play their parts in it would occupy more space than we can spare. "Hetty" is a novel of character, brightly and vigorously written, the quiet humour of it is delightful and its story interests you throughout for that best of all possible reasons, because its people interest you too.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY AUBREY.*

Miss Betham-Edwards has had a long and distinguished literary career, and one is accustomed to look for pleasure and profit from her books, but the present volume will come as a delightful surprise to her readers. A medley of reminiscence and biography, this latest sheaf of sketches of her friends and acquaintance should earn for her the name of a nineteenth-century Aubrey. For there is something of the delightful seventeenth-century gossiper in these vignettes. They range from a graphic character-sketch of her cousin, the gifted writer and traveller Amelia Blandford Edwards, of thirty pages, to an anecdote of a few lines—and there is nothing ponderous, nothing inconsequent; Miss Betham-Edwards is too good a craftswoman to spin out her material. The result is that once having opened her book, one will not close it willingly until the last line has been read. Those who are privileged to enjoy Miss Betham-Edwards's friendship are indeed fortunate, for there is a spirit of kindliness and gratitude diffused throughout her pages which is, unhappily, not too common in volumes of reminiscences. She only seems to remember the reputable and pleasant characteristics of her friends. The story of the elder Baron Tauchnitz and the present representative of that famous publishing firm, has been told before, but Miss Betham-Edwards's book opens fittingly with the description of a visit to the Baron's country house, when with pride he showed her his library, namely a bound set of his Continental series of reprints of English books, while he chatted about their authors, many of whom were his personal friends.

Miss Betham-Edwards has much to tell us about her kinswoman Matilda Betham, and others of "the measureless Bethams" of Charles Lamb's correspondence, and in introducing the subject she remarks, "What a link with the past does the name of my aunt and godmother call up! As a child in the nursery, to have been taught to take my thumb out of my mouth and make a curtsey by a friend of Charles and Mary Lamb, by one who had collogued with the great De Staël, whose daily intercourse had been with Coleridge and the great gods of a clear century ago." Although Miss Betham-Edwards was a child when her godmother died, her recollection of the old lady is quite vivid. "She was a ready wit, and nothing—neither narrow means, checks, literary disappointments, nor the infirmities of age—could embitter that smooth temper nor subdue those cheerful spirits. Bless her memory. The heedless child who did not even preserve those letters she was at such pains to write in her old age could, as she reached maturity, realise the service thus rendered to her and the good seed thus sown in her mind." But for a description of her appearance one must turn to Miss Amelia B. Edwards's recollections: "She had a round, jovial face, bright blue eyes, a mobile mouth, and somewhat short grey hair, which strayed from under her cap all round her neck in silvery slips, like a man's." In fact, she was not unlike the portraits of Coleridge. "Her eccentricities of dress were proverbial. My father once met her in a frequented London thoroughfare, serenely walking in crimson velvet slippers, and followed by a train of little ragamuffins, to whose 'chaff' she was good-humouredly indifferent."

Coventry Patmore was one of Miss Betham-Edwards's friends, and the impression of the poet in his house at Hastings, "the very house I have longed for all my life," is very graphic. "In Hastings the townsfolk would turn to gaze on the tall, attenuated, erect figure in black velvet with the striking countenance as he stalked along, holding by the hand a miniature of himself, the little son born of his third marriage." To her, Patmore "seemed a contemporary of Dante, Calderon, even of the Troubadours; little indeed of the Victorian gentleman was there about him but his dress. The Franciscan garb in which he chose to be buried symbolised mediævalism of life and character. With Don Quixote, Coventry Patmore had come into the world three hundred years too late." The author of "The Angel in the House" submitted both to the spiritual and domestic sway of his wife—"the autocratic rule of his household was strictly a feminine one." The autocrat is pictured for us in her drawing-room as "a sumptuous woman standing in the centre of a group; she wore over her black satin dress a gold chain, not round her neck, but, doubtless with some fantastic meaning encircling her waist. But what at once struck observers was her beaming look of triumph. Well indeed, from her own point of view, might she triumph! Had not Dr. Newman's convert been the means of bringing not only her poet, but those belonging to him, within the pale of Rome? That beaming look was always there."

In recalling a tea-party at which Christina Rossetti was present, she appeared to Miss Betham-Edwards as "about forty, a plainly dressed, gaunt, rather jerky woman, shy in manner and very reticent." Madame Bodichon, the founder of Girton, who was their hostess, was a lively talker, and she had been describing a sunset which she had

* "Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities." By Miss M. Betham-Edwards. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

lately seen. "Then the poetess by her side broke silence. 'I have never seen the sun rise in my life,' she observed quietly." Strange as this may appear, it was not really extraordinary, for Miss Rossetti "was town bred, an invalid and untravelled, her opportunities of seeing the sun rise had perhaps been few."

It was in the spring of 1873 that Miss Betham-Edwards met Herbert Spencer. She admits that her first impression of him was somewhat incongruous, as she happened to be a fellow guest with him at an evening party in Hyde Park Square.

"Standing in the middle of the room were two guests engaged in conversation, the one a fair, slender type of the Anglo-Saxon *ingénue*. She wore a simple white muslin dress, as fashion then ordained, displaying pretty shoulders and arms. By her side stood a man whom at first sight one would have pronounced of quite commonplace appearance.

"The founder of Synthetic Philosophy was just fifty-three. Solidly built, of average proportions, whiskered after mid-Victorian fashion, his figure could be called typically English. Only physiognomists would have at once characterised the head as that of a profound thinker. But, indeed, for the fact of recognition, I might have passed him by as a very ordinary person, one of those numerous men of leisure who divide the day between clubs and society. Or I might have set him down as an elderly flirt for whom the *persiflage* with a pretty girl of eighteen was here the supreme attraction."

Of George Macdonald, Miss Betham-Edwards writes: "I remember one of his daughters telling me with happy unconcern about 1872, when the family, adopted children and guests, about twenty in all, were packed into two small houses in Halloway Place, Hastings: 'Papa is writing two novels at a time (each a three-volume one); he gets through one volume a month, but he uses a different pen for each.' Just think of it! Two three-volumes at a time—the mental stress, to say nothing of the physical labour thereby entailed." No wonder that he made the pathetic utterance to his friend, "'I have never been able to do my best.' How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Eleven children to rear and educate, adopted waifs and strays to do the same by, perpetual exercise of the most generous hospitality, and last, but not least, poor health."

ROGER INGPEN.

OFF THE MAIN TRACK.*

"Off the Main Track" is the second volume of personal reminiscences which Mr. Hyatt has given us, and admirers of "The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune" will find it a worthy companion to its predecessor. The author is mainly concerned with his experiences in Rhodesia, a country on which he holds very mixed but very decided opinions. Perhaps Mr. Hyatt is a little fond of tilting at windmills—he says he is, in one place—and it is hardly likely that the whole book will prove entirely pleasant reading to anybody. But his outspokenness can be forgiven for the interest that he raises and the readableness of his literary style. Much of the book is devoted to the author's sporting experiences, and a few of his remarks may be quoted: "I should have liked to shoot a lion, but I would much rather have shot a buffalo. To do that is to put your nerve to the highest possible test outside actual warfare, for the buffalo is the King of Beasts, the most formidable, the most cunning, the most vindictive of all the animals of the veld. The more you get to know a lion, the more you learn to despise him. . . . There is a regular scale with lions. They will take a horse first, then a donkey, then a bullock, then a sheep or a goat. If they cannot get these, and they are very, very hungry, they may take a native, but they will never touch a white man whilst there is a black man left." Its readers will find, however, that "Off the Main Track" is not primarily a work of sport; it is, rather, a series of random reminiscences. But nobody can fail to be impressed by the author's honesty and the suggestiveness and deep interest of his book.

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Filipino Village.

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GILBERT-CONAN-CHESTERTON-DOYLE.*

It is not likely that this volume will either add much to or detract much from the reputation of its author. It cannot enhance his fame, inasmuch as everybody knows that he has done infinitely better work aforetime; it cannot hurt his reputation very gravely because everybody knows of what better work he is capable. It is a quite negligible affair, a chip in porridge, an eloquent sermon on the old text, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

It might almost be allowed to go without saying that the book, for what it is worth, is extremely clever—Mr. Chesterton could not for his life produce any literary work which was not. But much of it is the sort of performance which recalls Samuel Johnson's famous epigram about a woman preaching: "It is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not well done, but the wonder is that it should be done at all."

Father Brown is a Roman Catholic priest whose cure of souls lies somewhere in Essex, but whose bishop and parishioners set so little store by him—which is strange, considering his preternatural genius—as to allow him to go wandering at large over creation in order to play the amateur detective. Why Mr. Chesterton should have put him into holy orders is something of a mystery; he might just as well, for all the difference it makes, have been a pork-butcher or a telegraph operator. And he is mainly differentiated from his obvious parent, Sherlock Holmes, by his sacred profession, by the circumstances that he is short and stout instead of long and lean, and that he doesn't dose himself with chloral. The parentage comes out very strongly in several places, in none stronger than in the sixth of the stories of which the book is composed, "The Honour of Israel Gow." An old Scottish peer, Lord Glengyle, has disappeared, completely and mysteriously. Father Brown assists Flambeau, a cosmopolitan criminal who has turned detective, to look for him. Scattered about the country house in which the old nobleman had last lived are certain curious oddments, a lot of jewels, piles of loose snuff, little heaps of minute pieces of metal, some like steel springs and some in the form of microscopic wheels, and a lot of wax candles. Says Flambeau:

"'Invent what Wilkie Collins tragedy you like, and you still have not explained a candle without

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centrated on a single interest in their lives, until that interest assumes such abnormal importance that their cup seems to have been filled with what was really nothing but a little nasty sediment at the bottom of it. No man's life is absorbed in a single interest, unless he is a freak or a lunatic; and it is essentially a little novel that shows him so narrowly preoccupied. How many men or women do you know who are wholly devoting their thoughts to any one of the problems that serve for motives in such stories? The great novelist sees things in due perspective, and has a proper sense of proportion; he does not imagine that he presents his landscape truthfully by giving you a minute study of one tree out of the half-hundred that grow upon it, and he does not delude himself with a notion that it is clever to paint the background in the foreground.

If Mr. Shan Bullock were less of a conscientious artist, and could only persuade himself that the great novelist does not find the fulness of life out on the world's highways, but lying in backyards waiting to be raked out of the dust-bins, he might have quarrelled with the censorship long before now, and be notorious, if not popular. His "Robert Thorne" is one of the truest and biggest things in recent fiction. If he does not quite reach the high level of that book in his new novel, "Hetty," he gives us a narrative that for its intrinsic interest, its quiet realism and truth to human nature, is incomparably beyond the achievement of the average novelist, and of many of those who are more heard of because, whilst he is intent on making music, they are satisfied to make a noise.

The plot of "Hetty" amounts to little; the lives of most of us are a mingled yarn that is never woven into a plot of any sort; but the characters here are living human creatures, and they talk and act accordingly, and hold your sympathies by virtue of this subtle and powerful lifelikeness. The vivid pictures of modern Irish life in these pages are admirable. Hetty herself is a little masterpiece of characterisation, and her love story wholly charming without being in the least idealised. Her lover is one of the most natural men we have met in fiction. Her sister, Rhona, though she plays a smaller part, is no less finely studied. To summarise the plot, dropping out the many minor threads that count for so much in the total effect, would be to misrepresent the book, and to give an adequate idea of the various men and women who play their parts in it would occupy more space than we can spare. "Hetty" is a novel of character, brightly and vigorously written, the quiet humour of it is delightful and its story interests you throughout for that best of all possible reasons, because its people interest you too.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY AUBREY.*

Miss Betham-Edwards has had a long and distinguished literary career, and one is accustomed to look for pleasure and profit from her books, but the present volume will come as a delightful surprise to her readers. A medley of reminiscence and biography, this latest sheaf of sketches of her friends and acquaintance should earn for her the name of a nineteenth-century Aubrey. For there is something of the delightful seventeeth-century gossiper in these vignettes. They range from a graphic character-sketch of her cousin, the gifted writer and traveller Amelia Blandford Edwards, of thirty pages, to an anecdote of a few lines—and there is nothing ponderous, nothing inconsequent; Miss Betham-Edwards is too good a craftswoman to spin out her material. The result is that once having opened her book, one will not close it willingly until the last line has been read. Those who are privileged to enjoy Miss Betham-Edwards's friendship are indeed fortunate, for there is a spirit of kindliness and gratitude diffused throughout her pages which is, unhappily, not too common in volumes of reminiscences. She only seems to remember the reputable and pleasant characteristics of her friends. The story of the elder Baron Tauchnitz and the present representative of that famous publishing firm, has been told before, but Miss Betham-Edwards's book opens fittingly with the description of a visit to the Baron's country house, when with pride he showed her his library, namely a bound set of his Continental series of reprints of English books, while he chatted about their authors, many of whom were his personal friends.

Miss Betham-Edwards has much to tell us about her kinswoman Matilda Betham, and others of "the measureless Bethams" of Charles Lamb's correspondence, and in introducing the subject she remarks, "What a link with the past does the name of my aunt and godmother call up! As a child in the nursery, to have been taught to take my thumb out of my mouth and make a curtsey by a friend of Charles and Mary Lamb, by one who had collogued with the great De Staël, whose daily intercourse had been with Coleridge and the great gods of a clear century ago." Although Miss Betham-Edwards was a child when her godmother died, her recollection of the old lady is quite vivid. "She was a ready wit, and nothing—neither narrow means, checks, literary disappointments, nor the infirmities of age—could embitter that smooth temper nor subdue those cheerful spirits. Bless her memory. The heedless child who did not even preserve those letters she was at such pains to write in her old age could, as she reached maturity, realise the service thus rendered to her and the good seed thus sown in her mind." But for a description of her appearance one must turn to Miss Amelia B. Edwards's recollections: "She had a round, jovial face, bright blue eyes, a mobile mouth, and somewhat short grey hair, which strayed from under her cap all round her neck in silvery slips, like a man's." In fact, she was not unlike the portraits of Coleridge. "Her eccentricities of dress were proverbial. My father once met her in a frequented London thoroughfare, serenely walking in crimson velvet slippers, and followed by a train of little ragamuffins, to whose 'chaff' she was good-humouredly indifferent."

Coventry Patmore was one of Miss Betham-Edwards's friends, and the impression of the poet in his house at Hastings, "the very house I have longed for all my life," is very graphic. "In Hastings the townsfolk would turn to gaze on the tall, attenuated, erect figure in black velvet with the striking countenance as he stalked along, holding by the hand a miniature of himself, the little son born of his third marriage." To her, Patmore "seemed a contemporary of Dante, Calderon, even of the Troubadours; little indeed of the Victorian gentleman was there about him but his dress. The Franciscan garb in which he chose to be buried symbolised mediævalism of life and character. With Don Quixote, Coventry Patmore had come into the world three hundred years too late." The author of "The Angel in the House" submitted both to the spiritual and domestic sway of his wife—"the autocratic rule of his household was strictly a feminine one." The autocrat is pictured for us in her drawing-room as "a sumptuous woman standing in the centre of a group; she wore over her black satin dress a gold chain, not round her neck, but, doubtless with some fantastic meaning encircling her waist. But what at once struck observers was her beaming look of triumph. Well indeed, from her own point of view, might she triumph! Had not Dr. Newman's convert been the means of bringing not only her poet, but those belonging to him, within the pale of Rome? That beaming look was always there."

In recalling a tea-party at which Christina Rossetti was present, she appeared to Miss Betham-Edwards as "about forty, a plainly dressed, gaunt, rather jerky woman, shy in manner and very reticent." Madame Bodichon, the founder of Girton, who was their hostess, was a lively talker, and she had been describing a sunset which she had

* "Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities." By Miss M. Betham-Edwards. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

lately seen. "Then the poetess by her side broke silence. 'I have never seen the sun rise in my life,' she observed quietly." Strange as this may appear, it was not really extraordinary, for Miss Rossetti "was town bred, an invalid and untravelled, her opportunities of seeing the sun rise had perhaps been few."

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"'Invent what Wilkie Collins tragedy you like, and you still have not explained a candle without

* "The Innocence of Father Brown." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)

a candlestick, or why an elderly gentleman of good family should habitually spill snuff on the piano. The core of the tale we could imagine; it is the fringes that are mysterious. By no stretch of fancy can the human mind connect together snuff and diamonds and wax and loose clockwork.'

"'I think I see the connection,' said the priest. 'This Glengyle was mad against the French Revolution. He was an enthusiast for the *ancien régime*, and was trying to re-enact literally the family life of the last Bourbons. He had snuff because it was the eighteenth-century luxury; wax candles because they were the eighteenth-century lighting; the mechanical bits of iron represent the locksmith hobby of Louis XVI.; the diamonds are for the Diamond Necklace of Marie Antoinette.'

"Both the other men were staring at him with round eyes. 'What a perfectly extraordinary notion!' cried Flambeau. 'Do you really think that is the truth?'

"'I am perfectly sure it isn't,' answered Father Brown, 'only you said that nobody could connect snuff and diamonds and clockwork and candles. I gave you that connection off-hand."

And without a moment's hesitation Father Brown produces two other hypotheses of the same order to account for the miscellaneous trifles which have puzzled the detective. The real explanation is, of course, miles away from any of these solutions, and is, equally of course, very cleverly worked out. All the stories are interesting, for the simple reason that the most experienced reader of the class of fiction to which they belong could not guess the solution of any one of them until its final page is reached. One or two of them, notably "The Invisible Man" and "The Hammer of God," reach a high pitch of technical excellence, and are, regarded merely as bits of carpentry, as good as anything Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has given us in the same kind. It may seem somewhat ungrateful to grumble at work so cleverly done, but the grumble is justified by the memory of the infinitely finer stuff Mr. Chesterton has given us on his own particular lines, and by the reflection that Sherlock Holmes has had so many other imitators who, without a tithe of Mr. Chesterton's ability, have done the trick almost as well as he.

HENRY MURRAY.

"Father Brown bent over the prostrate comic policeman."

From "The Innocence of Father Brown." (Cassell.)

THE PERSONALITY OF RUSKIN.*

The reputation of every great writer suffers from the vacillations of eclipse during the quarter of a century or so that follows upon his death; and it is probable that the popular esteem of Ruskin is now at a lower ebb than it is ever again likely to touch. No class of writer is more subject to these variations than the prophet or the preacher. The occasion for the sermon passes; the event proves the prophecy to be incorrect; and forthwith the eloquence of the leader's voice, and the splendid inspiration of his enthusiasm and example, fade from the public eye. But eloquence and enthusiasm are not things of an hour; their influence is everlasting. And so the time comes when somebody turns up the half-forgotten pages once more, finds himself fired by the clarion voice, and proclaims the faded reputation afresh. No message and no crusade are ever out-of-date, when sincerity inspired them and the tongue of genius gave them utterance.

Mr. Arthur Benson has done good service to the memory of Ruskin by publishing this characteristically sane and sympathetic monograph. It would appear to be just the sort of book that the occasion required. It originated in a series of lectures delivered at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the direct, personal address of the lecture-room is precisely the form of appeal most likely to gain new readers for Ruskin at the present day. A new biography might have passed disregarded; a critical analysis would be of little use, where the works analysed were already ceasing to be familiar. But a leisurely study in personality, permitting itself sufficient biographical data to illustrate its criticism, and enough of the machinery of criticism to set its subject in the proper relation to his art, is the kind of book calculated to promote a double interest in the man and his work, and to send the reader, as all such books should do, to the fountain-head itself. We shall be surprised if there are not many new converts to Ruskin's golden visions as the result of Mr. Benson's thoughtful and comprehensive introduction.

Ruskin's life, with all its set-backs and disappointments, was singularly consistent. If ever the child was father to the man, it was so with him. As Mr. Benson acutely notes, Ruskin was the child of first cousins, a degree of descent which, while it is apt to induce unfortunate physical defects, concentrates hereditary intellectual qualities and emphasises their activity. In the gloomy house in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, the child Ruskin began to grow in grace from nursery days, and flourished upon solitude. He preached to his few toys from the back of a chair. "People, be good," was the opening of one remembered sermon. Certainly the germ of "Sesame and Lilies" was there! His father, a successful wine-merchant, was also a man of taste, and began collecting Turner's pictures at a time when that artist, still lacking a sacred bard to proclaim him, was not yet an expensive luxury. These pictures gave the young Ruskin his first impulse towards art, and when Oxford brought him a further opportunity of putting his ideas into practice, he started forthwith upon an elaborate theory of the relation of Art to Nature. No art-critic was ever more slenderly equipped than was Ruskin when he sat down to the composition of "Modern Painters." He knew the English artists—Gainsborough, Cox, Prout, and Constable—but he was

* "Ruskin: A Study in Personality." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

quite unfamiliar with the art of the Renaissance, and had persuaded himself, with the unrelenting vigour of Victorian Protestantism, that the Catholic faith was bound to produce an art of decadence and degradation. Nevertheless, he had the root of the matter in him. The bacillus of pre-Raphaelitism was in the air, and when Ruskin began to preach the doctrine that art must go straight to nature for inspiration, he was in the direct succession between Wordsworth and Millais. His theories, however, always ran away with him; he was born to be the slave of a dogma. Turner's pictures had been his first inspiration, and they had to be fitted into his scheme; and so, as Mr. Benson neatly puts it, "with matchless rhetoric he persuaded himself and others to believe that Turner, who idealises landscape beyond all power of recognition and identification, was the supreme exponent" of the principle that Art must always copy Nature with unflinching fidelity. A change of judgment was bound to follow. Ruskin went to Italy, and the glories of the Italian school of painting were suddenly revealed to him. He was too sincere to shut his eyes to the fact that the art of the sixteenth century shattered his criticism into fragments; so he had to reconstruct his theory of beauty to fit the facts. The closely argued ingenuity of the second volume of "Modern Painters" is the typical monument to Ruskin's noble and sincere enthusiasm, just as it is a standing example of the dominant influence of a preconceived theory warping the observation, so as to bring facts into line. But its vigour, its intensity, and its abiding sense of beauty are overwhelming. Forthwith Ruskin accepted, as his special mission, the opening of the eyes of his fellow-countrymen to the light and healing spirit of beauty.

The average Englishman, however, is not much concerned with things of the intellect, and his standards of art are easily satisfied by the illustrated papers. Fifty years ago, moreover, things were far worse in this respect than they are now, and Ruskin soon found that he was preaching to deaf ears. His disappointment at once took refuge in the formation of another and a consoling theory. English people did not care for art, he decided, because they were economically and socially hide-bound; they must be shown their own weaknesses; "People, be good!" must once more be the text of the homily. Accordingly, Ruskin began his economic crusade, eloquent upon theories of political economy, thundering in his tirades against war, an organ-voice trumpeting the message of the tenderest and most sensitive temperament—a strange contrast which was nevertheless absolutely consistent with the heart and the inspiration of the man himself. No doubt a sense of disappointment in the popular lack of response gradually drove this noble nature in upon itself. He was so confident of his cause that he could hardly help growing intolerant of its detractors, and to intolerance there came to be added in time the less amiable defects of suspicion and impatience. But these blemishes are fortunately rare in the fabric of his work, and they will be more and more forgotten as the living figure recedes from memory, leaving the work alone to answer for the life. And, as that time approaches, the glowing sincerity and the indomitable love of all things beautiful and of good report, which beats at the heart of every thought of Ruskin's genius, will preserve the best of his work beyond risk of oblivion or of neglect. His splendid prose, irradiated by the inspired phraseology of the English version of the Bible, and imbued with the harmony of some rich cathedral organ, mellowed by time and attuned to every worthy emotion of the heart of man, is in itself a certain preservative of the high and pure ambitions which it enshrines. Noble thought in noble language never dies. Its immediate purposes may be obscured by change and accident; but its feet are upon the rocks and its head is crowned among the stars.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE DAWN OF ALL.*

In a characteristic preface Father Benson explains that his latest novel is a supplement to "Lord of the World." The other book was a prophetic sketch of modern Europe if civilisation progressed along its present lines. But "I was informed repeatedly that the effect of the book was exceedingly depressing and discouraging to optimistic Christians." Hence the present volume, a melodramatic vision of things at the end of the present century, with liberty abolished, the Pope arbitrator of the world, Ireland a religious enclosure, the King of Spain Emperor of Mexico, the Orleans family re-established in France, a rump of obstinate Socialists deported to Massachusetts, and the dawn of all appearing in a semi-military, semi-ecclesiastical pageant of the Pope's enthronement in London under the auspices of an international guard of airships. So the kingdom of God comes on earth! And it comes with plenty of observation. Father Benson's predictions of gloom in "Lord of the World" are really more exhilarating than his optimistic forecast in the pages of this book, which is an odd blend of melodrama and mediævalism. The description of how the papal paradise is regained in Europe suffers not only from the crudity of the main idea but from the fact that it is regained too easily. There is not enough fighting to keep up the reader's interest and to lend artistic verve to the tale. It requires a Defoe-like skill to invest such a subject with verisimilitude. Father Benson writes as vividly as ever, when he happens to recollect that he is a novelist. He has the art of the scene-painter, and for a while it is possible to watch his colour-effects without weariness. But, owing to the Roman Catholic propaganda of the tale, there is too little human interest in the main part of the story to retain the reader's attention to the end. It is not only dialectic for the most part, but dialectic based on selections from life. There is not a woman in the plot—or in what passes for the plot. There is hardly any scope even for the author's psychological subtlety to display itself. The chief characters are all clericals, and the only priest who ventures to think for himself is put to death for heresy quite in the day's business, as one would stamp on a cockroach with the cockroach's full permission. Literature there is none. Art is in the background. The world in which the clerical puppets of the story flash about in airships has no horizons of hope or effort, and in this vacuum the novelist has not a chance. Father Benson has done "his very best," like the sun in "Alice in Wonderland," "to make the billows calm and bright"; he has succeeded in depicting a calm world, after a futile splutter of the Socialists in Berlin is dismissed, but it is a world from which natural brightness has waned, and this is probably responsible for the languid atmosphere of the book. It is not often that one is inclined to skip whole pages in any of Father Benson's stories. As a rule, his vivacity and human sympathies manage to keep the reader from being bored by the slices of pamphleteering which are found every now and then. Even in "The Dawn of All" there are occasional flashes of dramatic power, as the author dips into the future. But, as a piece of story-telling, it falls below "Lord of the World," and the present reviewer must confess that he laid it down with a sigh of relief that it was not longer. The interminable conversations between Monsignor and Father Jervis lie heavily on page after page. Once or twice the story promises to become a story, as, for example, towards the close when the Socialists turn upon their oppressors. But even here the writer excites hopes which are doomed to disappointment. Instead of a dramatic struggle, with blood and breath in it, the thirsty reader gets a few pages of rhetoric, and the crisis is over. The description of Utopias is rarely an exhilarating performance in literature. Any sketch of an ideal state or society requires a reasonable criticism of contemporary life and a

* "The Dawn of All." By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

From "Sir Joseph Banks," by Edward Smith. (John Lane.)

character, he was no profound scholar, and his autocratic methods fostered a certain amount of jealousy in the Royal Society, whose chair he occupied for so many years. But he seems to have been the right man in the right place: the Society flourished under his vigorous reign. And his superlative enthusiasm and generosity swamped the few unworthy traits he admittedly possessed. The host of distinguished men who held him in affectionate regard is a testimony to the general excellence of Banks's character. Solander, Herschel, Captain Cook, Fabricius, Blagden, Maskelyne, George III. himself—these are but half a dozen out of a score of scientific men and notabilities who esteemed the autocratic President highly. But with Sir Humphry Davy he was not a favourite: witness such expressions as "tolerable botanist"; "a lover of gross flattery"; "a house like a court."

delicate power of imagination. Father Benson's gifts are so versatile that it would not have been surprising if he had been able to achieve some success along these lines, but "The Dawn of All" is for the most part a depressing piece of work when it is judged in the light either of social or of literary standards. J. M.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS.*

Mr. Smith admits, curiously enough, that the prime motive responsible for this book's production was a desire of presenting to the world of modern thought an unfamiliar side of the eighteenth century, "in which Science and the Public Spirit would be represented." Looking round for a prominent figure to serve as a common centre, Mr. Smith's eye fell upon Sir Joseph Banks. Hence the interesting biography before us. And Mr. Smith's eulogistic characterisation of his subject as a man of unbounded public spirit is warranted. With Banks, science was undoubtedly a passion; he was peculiarly fortunate in possessing considerable private means, which he spent in a manner that was equally agreeable to himself and conducive to the advancement of knowledge. Brougham, father of the future Chancellor, was one of Banks's schoolfellows at Eton. Of the same age, they were both fond of long walks and were expert in swimming. "My father described him as a remarkably fine-looking, strong, and active boy, whom no fatigue could subdue and no peril daunt; and his whole time out of school was given up to hunting after plants and insects, making a *hortus siccus* of the one, and forming a cabinet of the other. As often as Banks could induce him to quit his task in reading or in verse-making he would take him on his long rambles; and I suppose it was from this early taste that we had at Brougham so many butterflies, beetles, and other insects, as well as a cabinet of shells and fossils." Another distinguished friend of his youth was Lord Sandwich, with whom he fraternised much after leaving Oxford in his twenty-first year. Both had the same tastes. They formed a project for suddenly draining the Serpentine by letting off the water. Their hope was to have thrown much light on the state and habits of the fish, and Banks was wont to lament their scheme being discovered the night before it was to have been executed. One gets a very human picture from Mr. Smith's delineation. Banks was a masterful man, who made many enemies; though of strong

* "The Life of Sir Joseph Eanks." By Edward Smith. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

MEMOIRS AND MEMORIES.*

Punch has rightly paid tribute to the literary art which gives charm to this ostensibly artless record of three generations, but its deepest attraction, lighted here and there by a quite irresistible spirit of gentle humour, lies in its freedom from every kind of cant, whether literary, social, theological, or even political; and in the warm glow of human feeling, the deep and tender affection, in much of the correspondence chosen as family history. Often here the reader feels a throb from the passionate heart-beats of the past, and in the most delightful of the letters there is no trace of that Philistine dread of "giving oneself away" which among people of less real distinction often impoverishes intercourse with an apparent coldness and hardness as unnecessary as they are unreal. The author of "Philip van Arteveldt" and Owen Meredith are among the most endearing of the correspondents, and the very names of the Villiers and the Liddells must by many be associated with a host of brilliant and interesting associations. In Watts's beautiful head of Mrs. Edward Villiers, Mrs. Earle's mother (facing p. 184)—and it is not easy to imagine anything lovelier of its kind—the angelic sweetness of the closed lips brings an inevitable reminder of Matthew Arnold's memorable lines in "A Summer Night":

> "A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
> Who have longed deeply once, and longed in vain."

Her unstudied outpourings in letters to kinsfolk and friends complete the picture of what must have been a very magnetic personality, full of goodness and courage. And in the equally enchanting sketch of her twin-children,

* Memoirs and Memories." By Mrs. C. W. Earle. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Mrs. Earle's sisters, the Dowager Countess of Lytton and the Dowager Lady Loch, at the age of nine, the same grace, half human, half ethereal, is strikingly evident. Mrs. Earle's pride in her beautiful sisters is one of the prettiest things in the book, and in deprecating Sir George Cornewall Lewis's compliment to her as a girl, when he remarked that "the twins" were "very pretty, but then Theresa is a gain to humanity," she adds with exquisite candour, "Perhaps it flashed across his mind that I was going to be cut out, in the family estimation, by my pretty younger sisters." Her own early love-story is full of meaning for younger lives, too ready perhaps to doubt their own deepest instincts of affection and of trust. For indeed this fascinating book is not so much a human document as pages out of many human documents, and some are touched with that element of unexpectedness so characteristic of actual life; plots that decline to dovetail neatly, and unpromising tragedies that lead to quiet happiness, or ripe experience. In nothing is the author more admirable than the courage with which she points out that the unforgiving spirit in marriage shields itself behind a conventional "view of the right terms of intercourse between men and women," which "seems superficial, short-sighted, and devoid of the spirit of humanity when compared with the teaching of Christ." The book incidentally contains a very piquant allusion to the heroine of "Diana of the Crossways" and the much-disputed incident on which the novel turns.

ANNIE MATHESON.

A TABLOID CYCLOPÆDIA.*

"The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge" is rather a large mouthful for a diffident bookbuyer. The editors surely are eminent enough to have been satisfied with something a little less complicated and pretentious. The enterprising Sir Home Gordon is sometimes credited with the sponsorship and may have had a voice in the christening. But whoever was responsibe ought to be made to feel how difficult such a title is to remember and to utter in the ordinary give and take of rapid conversation. Many who would have liked to discuss its merits have been deterred by the obscurity of the meaning or the difficulty of remembering at short notice such an unpromising collection of substantives, and such an incongruous collocation of ideas. Was it not Lord Rosebery who said that a library could no more be called a university than a butcher's shop could be called a regiment? It would be possible, we suppose, to compress a university library into a home, but it would have to be a very stately home and a very insignificant library. The metaphor that should have been invoked is not that of a slumbering university-home of lost causes, but of a new militant arm of sharp-shooters and voltigeurs, who will hazard new and dangerous reconnaissances, feel the enemy, and rapidly survey the lie of the land in the perennial warfare against the entrenchments of obscurantism and ignorance.

Apart from nomenclature, the editors seem to have been most fortunate, and it is already a commonplace that the citizens of the new Georgian era ought to think themselves fortunate in possessing such lively instructors as most of these new shilling primers can fairly claim to be. If we had only had such stimulating tonics provided for us when we were in the early 'twenties, what learned and versatile persons we might have become!

They are just the kind of books, it may be said, to put into the hands of young people who are just leaving the beaten highway for some chosen path of education or learning. A quarter of a century since, in history, Maine's "Ancient Law" and the "Cité Antique" of Coulanges were indicated as the two volumes necessary to salvation at this particular juncture. The new series starts with several little volumes so eminently suitable for this purpose that it is a pleasure to be able to recommend them. A small book on "Parliament" has always been a desideratum, the costly works of Anson, Dicey, Hearn, and Lowell being prohibitive to a young student dependent upon his own resources. This requirement has now been satisfied in an ideal way in Sir Courtenay Ilbert's "Parliament," the Op. 1 of the H.U.L. adventure. Written in a little summer-house under the shadow of Penn Church, and commanding a magnificent view of the Thames Valley and the Surrey watershed on the other side from the Crystal Palace to Hindhead, with Windsor Castle set like some mediæval fortress of romance in the very centre of the picture, this little book has gone forth to India, Australia, Africa, and America to give the clearest and soundest miniature picture possible of machinery which, old-fashioned as it is even in these days of mechanical device, remains without a rival, and which succeeding ages will probably view with increasing veneration, if not for its increasing utility, then all the more for its singular and moss-grown antiquity.

"The French Revolution" and "A Short History of War and Peace" (which were reviewed by Dr. Barry in the May BOOKMAN), "Shakespeare," "Polar Exploration," "Modern Geography," "Mediæval Europe," "Socialism," "Evolution," "Liberalism," "Conservatism": here are a few subjects which, like the poor, are always with us, and each and all of them are treated here in the first score volumes by people who know, and who have been anxious to communicate new links which may serve to simplify, to bridge over gaps, and to consolidate their subjects for newcomers.

The writers vary considerably in their method of approach. Mr. Masefield, for instance, gives us a pattern-book of Shakespeare's models, designs, and materials, but he uses his theme as pretext for a magnificent eulogy, fine and characteristic coming from such an ultra-modern, valuable as testifying to the great gulf which in the writer's perception yawns between Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Another very exceptional volume is that on the almost virgin soil of palæobotany called "The Evolution of Plants" by Dr D. H. Scott, dealing with the ancestry of flowering plants, and tracing their origin in the pages of geology right away back to Palæozoic times; even more praiseworthy, perhaps, because more difficult, is the "Introduction to Mathematics" by Mr. Whitehead, which provides a successful elementary explanation from the most modern point of view of fundamental ideas in mathematics. "Civilisation advances by extending the number of important operations which we can perform without thinking about them": this dictum, so profoundly true of mathematics, is rarely appreciated by the student, who will find here a number of hints of which the ordinary text-book is notoriously guiltless: especially to be noted are the discussions of incommensurable and complex numbers (vi, vii), on the continuity of functions (p. 150), of the notion of a limit (p. 229), and of the uniformity of convergence of series (p. 208).* The idea of "Evolution" is admirably traced in the volume dealing with that subject. Darwin has been accused sometimes of trying to banish mind from the universe in the interests of luck. The part played respectively by Organism, Use and Disuse, Unconscious Memory, and Environment in the work of Natural Selection is clearly indicated here, while due credit for the qualification of crude Darwinism is given not only to Bergson and William James, but even to the "argumentative" Sam Butler.

In his Africa volume on "Britain Across the Seas" and in his "History of the Colonisation of Africa by Alien Races," Sir Harry Johnston has gone over ground with which no one is more familiar than he, and the pathway across the African wilderness has become pretty defined.

* "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge." A series of New Books specially written. Editors: Herbert Fisher, Gilbert Murray, J. Arthur Thomson. Volumes 1–20. Cloth, 1s. net per volume. (Williams & Norgate)

* The technical appreciation here I owe to my distinguished colleague, Mr. G. S. Le Beau, East London College.

There is a good deal of what Borrow calls business of Egypt here; but Sir Harry goes far beyond the remotest of the dynasties and draws for us a picture of prehistoric Africa which no one can impugn for lack of confidence or decision. As long as twenty thousand years ago, he tells us, Africa (like Greece and the Holy Land) was a more eligible continent than it is under the Leopoldian régime; but even then the white man coveted and was preparing to invade it by four distinct routes, and, even then, the Black Continent was defended by three distinct types of negro: the Central African or Forest negro, the Nilotic negro, and the Bushman. These intermixed, and in course of time produced the medley of races, people, and tribes which we see at the present day. The negro was for the most part in a palæolithic state of culture; he was in the main predatory, thought little of anything but of killing and eating animals, and his god was his belly. Africa obtained neolithic culture through Egypt, which probably derived the stimulus from Syria or Asia Minor. The Egyptian came by way of Arabia (Felix), where the scented gums and resins are, and, when civilisation dawned, he offered this frankincense, so grateful to his own nostrils, to his gods—for he had gods, the gods, says Sir Harry, who have ever "been man himself—the man of the period projected large upon the sky or the sea, like a spectre of the Brocken." The Egyptian type which some, especially those who regard good health and good looks as superior to mental and moral qualifications, regard as the finest humanity has yet produced, grew up and became definite in the course of the migration which colonised the Nile. Thenceforth, for nearly two thousand five hundred years Egypt was to be the prey of kings, princes, emperors, tyrants, and military parvenus of foreign birth or extraction—Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Kurds, Turks, Syrians, Circassians, Albanians, French, Macedonian Turks, and British sirdars. In this she has been the type of Africa Infelix. The Egyptians seem to have been the first great domesticators of animals, sheep, goats, domestic fowls, oxen and asses, but they owed the "ship of the desert" to the genius of the Hittites, and they certainly did little to domesticate the wild and savage *homo sapiens* of the African bush. The Semites played an important part in African development long before they colonised Palestine, and to them are attributed the famous buried cities of Mashonaland. The Greek influence was widely spread in North Africa only. They were attracted by and would have learnt much from the Egyptians but for the objections preferred against them as "foreign devils" by this highly exclusive people. Under Alexander, however, as is the wont of foreign devils, they turned the tables upon the hermits. The Berbers for a time promised to rule Northern Africa as subject-allies of the Herod type, but they found the Romans a little too European for their liking, too dominating, too fond of method, order, tidiness, and fatiguing public works. So we traverse a period from Roman sway through swarms of Vandals and Moslem Arabs until we reach the more familiar modern page that begins with the "opening up" by Portugal which had already been well begun by 1453. By the end of the eighteenth century the struggle for North Africa seemed likely to repeat the lines which that for North America and India had already assumed between French and English. The claims of past and present were happily summed up by the British admiral who addressed a ship's company before Aboukir in 1798, in one of the tersest speeches on record: "See that land, my lads? That's the land of Egypt, and if you don't fight like born devils, you'll damned soon be in the house of bondage." Sir Harry evidently has no faith himself in the theory that Adam and Eve were originally black, and that Cain turned white through "funk" at having killed Abel. He believes in the mission of the strong, silent man and in the unspeakable blessings of machinery and progress. Yet he gives us the other side, too, in depicting the miseries inflicted by the quick-to-be-rich traders and the havoc caused by the appalling growth of germ-diseases which "opening up" has done so much to disseminate.

This volume has served as a good example of the way in which a little book of 248 pages may be made an index to modern study and the most recent conclusions in dealing with an important, and indeed topical, subject; it emanates from a master of exposition, but we can safely say that we have read with almost equal pleasure and profit "Modern Geography," "Polar Exploration" (a delightful study when the thermometer is above 90°), "The Animal World," and several other volumes in this series. It would take too long to tell all the good things that might be told about Mr. Carlos Davis's "Mediæval Europe," and Professor Belloc's "French Revolution" has been very fully dealt with here already. The last volume and "Parliament" are said, we know not with how much truth, to be the two freest sellers in the collection. The motto of the series may well be *E pur si muove*, as Columbus said when he broke the egg—a little too violently.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

AN AMERICAN CRITIC.*

Excepting Mr. Arthur Symons, we have no critic in England with the authority and reputation that Mr. More enjoys in America. And Mr. Symons's early coquetries with France have, perhaps, made it impossible for him to win the confidence that the British public, in gratitude for being called Philistine, once gave to Matthew Arnold. The British public finds it hard to take seriously the champions of what it does not understand and is compelled to respect. Mr. More's position, however, is secure. His work is looked for in the reviews for which he writes, and he occupies in America some such place as was held in France by Sainte-Beuve. "The Shelburne Essays" are his "Portraits Littéraires" and "Causeries du Lundi." Just as Sainte-Beuve is, perhaps, our least inexact among many inexact indications of the better French taste of his time, so, from the pages of Mr. More's books, we may gather hints, to be used with great discretion, as to what the more cultured Americans seek in literature.

In this volume, three of the essays deal with Americans: those on the Pragmatism of the late Professor William James, on Louisa Shore, and on that very gentle writer, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The remaining essays discuss Shelley, Wordsworth, Hood, Tennyson, Francis Thompson, Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, Criticism, and Victorian Literature. Mr. More's method in criticism, like Sainte-Beuve's, is very largely biographical. He tries always to co-ordinate the intangible and elusive qualities of a man's work with those more obvious traits of his personality that are to be gleaned from history and anecdote. This is not always so harmful as might be supposed. Though he cannot read Shelley's poetry without remembering his treatment of Harriet Westbrook, he uses that memory to point acutely an observation that has often been made before, of the inhumanity of that poetry. The point is too acute to be quite true, but Mr. More makes it very well. He uses Dorothy Wordsworth's remark—"Is it possible, can that be William? How very mean he looks!"—to illustrate the low vitality that he finds in the bulk of Wordsworth's poetry. I am never quite sure that he does not prefer biographies to all other forms of literature, and that he only reads poetry in order to find illustrations for them. I suppose it is not so; but the fact that it is a sustainable theorem indicates the character of Mr. More's criticism.

He is a man of profound as well as of wide reading, does not willingly take anything for granted, and is a pedestrian and practical critic. He is very swift and sharp upon a contradiction, and, having found one, will not leave it

* "Shelburne Essays." By Paul Elmer More. Seventh Series. 5s. net. (Putnam's.)

in peace, but drags it into the light and worries it. I suspect that his dogged, in some cases rather blind, criticism must be very irritating to the more subtle of the living authors on whom he writes. For example, of Mr. Dickinson, who attempted and achieved an artistic triumph in the impartiality of his "Modern Symposium," where the Narcissi of all political types fall in love with their images, he remarks: "How great a service Mr. Dickinson might perform if, instead of adding to the confusion of standards, he would turn his subtle intellect to discovering, and his eloquent pen to describing, the true God that many desire and some to-day seek and cannot find!" That must be hard to bear. But it is characteristic of American judgment, which is always teleological rather than æsthetic. Indeed, wherever Mr. More most insists upon his independence, we find that he is most profoundly, if unconsciously, moved by the motives of his race. And this makes him particularly interesting to us in England, and, no doubt, at once flattering and inspiriting to many in America.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

Novel Notes.

THE LONG ROLL. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

At the outset Miss Johnston had an excellent story to tell of the love of Richard Cleave for Judith Cary, in spite of the fact that the echoes whispered to her hero "Judith Cary—Judith Cary, there are other things in life than love—other things than love—other things than love." But the time she had chosen was the eve of the outbreak of the Civil War in America—war was in the air. We get strange fitful flashes of the principal characters in that terrible life-and-death struggle, and soon we are knee-deep in a thrilling narrative of the war itself, and what the conflict really meant in southern country homes, in beleaguered towns, in camp, and on the fields at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and other famous war points. If Miss Johnston has had a motive in this book it will be probably found in this statement of old Mrs. Cleave to her children: "As for you two who've always been sheltered and fed, and who've never had a blow struck you, who've grown like tended plants in a garden, you don't know what war is! It is a great and deep Cup of Trembling! It's a scourge that reaches the backs of all! It's universal destruction—and the gift that the world should pray for is to build in peace!" And Miss Johnston sinks her story in the stern history of the war. She has consulted the works of a large number of historians, memoir and narrative writers, diarists and contributors to the magazines of historical societies to get facts, and she has brought to the task eminent qualities of her own—as witness this description of a scene in a hospital:

"The Stonewall hospital was poorly lighted. In ward number 23 the oil-lamps, stuck in brackets along the walls, smoked. At one end where two pine-tables were placed the air from the open window blew the flames distractingly. A surgeon, half dead with fatigue, strained well nigh to the point of tears, exclaimed upon it: 'That damned wind! Shut the window, Miss Cary. Yes, tight! It's hell anyhow, and that's what you do in hell—burn up.'

"Judith closed the window. As she did so she looked once at the light on the northern horizon. The firing shook the window-pane. The flame of the lamp now stood straight. She turned the wick higher, then lifted a pitcher and poured water into a basin, and when the surgeon had washed his hands took away the reddened stuff. Two negroes laid a man on the table—a gaunt North Carolinian, his hand clutching a shirt all stiffened blood. Between his eyelids showed a gleam of white, his breath came with a whistling sound. Judith bent the rigid fingers open, drew the hand aside, and cut away the shirt. The surgeon looked. 'Humph! Well, a body can but try.—Now, my man, you lie right still, and I won't hurt you much.—Come this side, Miss Cary. No! Wait a moment!—It's no use. He's dying!'

"The North Carolinian died. The negroes lifted him from the table and put another in his place. 'Amputation,' said the surgeon. 'Hold it firmly, Miss Cary. Just there!' He turned to the adjoining table where a younger man was sewing up a fore-arm ripped from wrist to elbow by a piece of shell. 'Lend me your saw, will you?'"

Not for its fiction, but for its terribly realistic war pictures, "The Long Roll" is a living and powerful piece of work.

MASTER CHRISTOPHER. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"Having regard to the facts that she was older than he, and not handicapped by the slightest predilection for him, she thought it probable that his love would survive the trials to which trust and his patience might presently be put. In other words, she meant to cage the bird in her hand, while she stole forth secretly to enjoy the chase of the other two who might be lurking in the bush." Such is Miss Erica Clow's plan of campaign. But Christopher unfortunately slips out of her hand, and she has to snatch hurriedly at one of the birds in the bush, a bird too good for her. Erica's relation to her mother, whom she bullies unmercifully, is as unpleasant as her attempt to entrap every eligible man within range, and there is a sense of satisfaction in her discomfiture at the hands of the phlegmatic Anthony and of the boorish Christopher. The minor characters in the story are for the most part pleasant figures, especially Lady Erriff and Lady Denys, but Mrs. de la Pasture has spun out the account of their doings to an inartistic length. She takes too long to reach the problem of the relations between Christopher and his sister, which is one of the main motives of the book, and even the characteristic charm of the writer's treatment hardly atones for the lack of briskness and compactness in the novel. It is only when the young Garrys come on the scene that things begin to move. They and the beautiful, unscrupulous Erica contribute liveliness to a plot in which the majority of the other characters are afflicted with a curiously sluggish nature.

THE HAMPDENSHIRE WONDER. By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Beresford, we take it, was unknown until six months ago, when he produced "Jacob Stahl." Now "Jacob" was an admirable example of the bioscopic method, but it never could have prepared any of us for the advent of this amazing Wonder-child. Figure to yourself a professional cricketer who bowls better than any one else in the world, and has suddenly the misfortune to lose a finger. A man of remarkable character in many ways, he concentrates his will on having a son who shall be born without habits. The idea is, you must know, that the son will learn everything that his father can teach him and will furthermore, being born without habits, find himself enabled to start where his father left off, and become an even better bowler. Ginger Stott meets the ideal mother for such a child, and Victor arrives. Here we dive into extravagance at once, but of so remarkable a character that it keeps us almost spell-bound. What follows is philosophy, psychology, poetry, allegory, what you will. It is strangely sad, some might find parts of it even repellent. For Ginger's scheme has gone agley, and he has fathered, not the bowler that the world has waited for, but a strange creature with a huge head, the habit, its only one, of complete silence (it never cries and never answers questions), and the power of making you feel, when it looks at you, that you are utterly insignificant. To his bitterly disappointed father Victor is a "blarsted freak," and no more, but the mother (a wonderfully clever and sympathetic study) knows better. For the Wonder has been born ages before the world was ready for him or his kind. With the realms of imagination, of art, music, and poetry dead to him, he yet bears the heavy burden of all knowledge. His lonely childhood, and the effect of his extraordinary personality on the various types of humanity that figure in his little

world, are sketched with amazing skill. The parson hates him, his father fears him, Challis, the dilettante squire, is interested in him in a dilettante and scholarly fashion. The village idiot, recognising that here is the only creature he has met having no spiritual kinship with the people about him, tries to make friends with the Wonder, and persecutes him with a kind of loathsome adoration. Only Victor's mother understands. It is difficult to review such a book. Who wants to be referred to the most powerful and moving of its scenes should read, first, the account of the Wonder's birth, where the half-demented father and the crotchety doctor squabble in the cottage parlour the while, upstairs, Intelligence is being born into the world. And there is the scene in the squire's library where the Wonder, having sampled learning as we understand it and known an awful disappointment, tries once, and only once, to tell the two scholars who are questioning him what he is and what is the end of all knowledge. It would, of course, be impossible to let the Wonder grow up. The uncertain manner of his death is finely suggested, and Mr. Beresford is here at his best in the tragic picture of the mother. The book ends, very fittingly, with a remarkable essay on the uses of mystery.

ENTER CHARMIAN. By Harold Vallings. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

In this "Comedy-Idyll of Moorside" Mr. Harold Vallings proves himself possessed of the genuine comic spirit, and his intriguing inventions of the love affairs of the "gentry" of a Devonshire village will undoubtedly be successful in raising many a smile. Charmian is an Anglo-Indian widow of a highly attractive kind—certainly she is very pleasant to read about—and her arrival in the peaceful village of Moorside sets the whole place by the ears. Not that this was exactly Charmian's fault, but the desperate plots in which the inhabitants of the village indulge would not appear to be an ordinary feature of English country life. The comedy resolves itself entirely into a question of marriage—or, rather, marriages—in which the hero's gardener, Jan Stewer, plays no small part. The book contains a number of clever satirical studies of character, and the inherent "niceness" of nearly all its personages is what will appeal most to its readers, of whom it is deserving of a large number.

A PRISONER IN PARADISE. By Herbert L. Vahey. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Vahey's name is new to us, but there is some reason for the belief that it will soon become familiar if the promise of the present volume is fulfilled. The author has the advantage of obvious personal acquaintance with a life which is essentially strange to the stay-at-home Englishman His scene is laid in one of the Malay Islands; his hero is a lonely trader who sees a white face only on the arrival of the monthly steamer of the Australian firm which employs him. Jim Goffer is a veritable prisoner in his Paradise (by which the author refers apparently only to the scenic beauties of his hero's surroundings), he has grown completely weary of his position, and has resolved to resign his post as soon as possible. At this moment Lolo appears on the scene—a beautiful half-caste, fleeing with her lover from the clutches of a neighbouring native chief. Goffer falls completely under the spell of her beauty and her innocence, and the drama of the story begins. Mr. Vahey has treated his subject in a very natural and effective manner, and he may be especially commended for the manner in which he retains the sympathies of the reader for a hero who indulges in some very unheroic behaviour. Altogether this is a thoroughly interesting first novel.

IN FANCY'S MIRROR. By Violet A. Simpson. 6s. (Blackwood.)

"In Fancy's Mirror" is emphatically a good book, but we must confess that by reason of its extreme length it is a little exhausting. Miss Simpson has undoubtedly "spread herself" rather too much; you want either a very good plot indeed, or—what is commoner—ubiquitous and attractive powers of digression to exhaust the possibilities of 160,000 words. Miss Simpson's plot is as good as it is unusual, which is saying much, and her digressions are quite pleasant. But for all that, the judicious skipper will enjoy this novel more than the plodder who weighs every sentence. Nevertheless, this study of the strange education of Victorine Carysfort and the highly unsuitable marriage which was arranged between her and a singularly unattractive budding M.P., and of the loss of memory which helped her to assert herself and to choose the right person, presents numerous points of interest. The author's strongest point is her characterisation, which is generally clever and effective, and she has also a keen and curiously unfeminine sense of humour. Miss Simpson is a talented writer and "In Fancy's Mirror" is in many—most—ways unusually attractive.

THE OVERFLOWING SCOURGE. By Stephen Foreman. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This is a strong, dramatic story, pulsing with human life and emotion; it deals with the terrible consequences of a crime committed by a man in his youth. His one wrong deed is the beginning of everything, the cause of everything; but for that sin he would never have entered the path of dishonour; it is "the cause of his degradation, and, concomitantly, the cause of his tremendous elevation." For he lies and cheats his way to success and fame and becomes a judge on the Irish Judicial Bench; thus, though a thorough rogue, base and brutal, matters of life and death are in his hands. Of course he abuses his power to gain his own ends, wrecking the lives of innocent people and killing the soul of his son. It is not a pleasant story, and the writer's style, though vivid and vigorous, is not always pleasant either, but he shows remarkable skill in plot construction and in character-drawing, and has a keen dramatic sense. "The Overflowing Scourge" is a remarkable first book, and we shall look forward with interest to Mr. Foreman's future work.

THE SUMMER BOOK. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Max Pemberton's latest volume is a collection of a dozen short stories which have already seen the light in various magazines. As a rule tales of this kind are hardly worth preservation in the more substantial "book form," but an exception must be made for "The Summer Book." It does not pretend to be very deep, but the present weather is no incentive to exhausting reading. With the exception of the first story, which is not representative of the remainder of the book, the tales are brightly written and very cleverly constructed. All of them begin well, but we must confess that it seems sometimes as if Mr. Pemberton had got a little tired of his subject before the end. However, the reader will find some very effective thrills, a pleasant management of local colour—the scenes of most of the stories are laid in France—and some bizarre situations; and if to such reading he can add a shady spot on a sea-beach, he ought to have a very enjoyable holiday.

THE STORY GIRL. By L. M. Montgomery. 6s. (Pitman.)

Those who have read "Anne of Green Gables" and its sequel, and "Kilmeny of the Orchard," will expect great things of "The Story Girl," Miss L. M. Montgomery's latest book, and they will not be disappointed; it is as fresh and delightful as its predecessors, and possesses the same quiet charm that distinguished them. As usual, the pen pictures of characters and scenery are skilfully and vividly done. The story deals with the visit of two young boys to their father's old home on Prince Edward

Island, where, among aunts and uncles and cousins, they meet the Story Girl, so called on account of her gift for telling stories. She is a fascinating little girl; not pretty, "but you'll think she is while she's talking to you. Everybody does. It's only when you go away from her that you find out she isn't a bit pretty after all." The most wonderful thing about the Story Girl is her voice, which possesses so rare a quality that it can make even the multiplication table sound charming. "If voices had colour, hers would have been like a rainbow. It made words *live*. Whatever she said became a breathing entity, not a mere verbal statement or utterance." At the end of the book one parts from the Story Girl's people with regret, and hopes the warm welcome that will surely be accorded to this book may induce its author to write a sequel to it.

A LADY OF SPAIN. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin has done better work than "A Lady of Spain," which is, nevertheless, a good and very entertaining story. Some of the best situations are spoiled by a certain unreality in treatment, which is, however, to some extent carried off by the author's briskness and readiness of humour. Mr. Pamphilon has sworn never to have anything more to do with women—such men usually are the most susceptible—but he has rashly gone on a trip to Galicia with a mixed party. It is there that he makes the acquaintance of Nance De Lisle, and it is there also that the Lady of the title is smitten by his *beaux yeux* and proceeds to make the pleasant little story which Mr. Burgin tells. Perhaps the Señorita Rosita Mercedes Maria Frecia Balbina Isabel Carmen Margarité de Leon de Penaflor deserved the rebuke which she got from Miss De Lisle in the following slightly inadequate words: "Can't you see for yourself how unladylike it is to carry daggers about in your garter, to shut men up in dungeons and drive them nearly insane, to stain your face, and, uninvited, perform Salome dances before young English gentlemen. . . . ?" But at any rate she made very charming amends.

THE RED STAR OF NIGHT. By W. A. Mackenzie. 2s. net. (Constable.)

"The Red Star of Night" is one of the first of a new series of novels that Messrs. Constable are calling "The Railway Library." The books are "particularly suitable for travel reading"; certainly Mr. Mackenzie's story should make the longest journey seem short, for a more exciting and absorbing sensational story it would be difficult to find. The plot tells how Michael Damer, young, wealthy, idle, and suffering from the "nothing-to-do" malady, goes out into the streets of London one evening in search of adventure, walks into a trap and finds more of it than he was looking for. He becomes mixed up in the Brotherhood of the Red Star, and his malady is quickly and completely cured. It is a frankly sensational tale, full of wholesome excitement and dramatic adventure; altogether a first-rate book for those in search of an hour or two's entertainment.

THE WILLOWFORD WOODS. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The mystery of the woods surrounding a country-house is bound up with the suicide of a poor girl, whose unworthy lover, Vavasour, nearly succeeds in entrapping the heroine of the story. Vavasour is a good title for a smooth, gentlemanly villain. But his old uncle, by a clever and somewhat unscrupulous device, helps to outwit him, and after a melodramatic scene, in which a convenient stroke of lightning saves other people the trouble of murdering him, Vavasour is cleared out of the path of true love. Mr. Gilchrist's story is a straightforward, interesting piece of sensational romance. The servants and country folk are brightly drawn, and there is enough variety of characterisation to make the story quite readable. It is, perhaps, due to the exigencies of the plot that the heroine is less vivid than the hero's mother, a straightforward Yorkshire woman. But Mr. Gilchrist has been successful in catching and keeping the reader's attention, and if the story never rises to any height of thrilling excitement it never relapses into the prosaic manner.

QUEEN OF ALL HEARTS. By Eric Clement Scott. 6s. (Greening.)

Mr. Clement Scott has the art of story-telling to perfection, and here is a "yarn" which will interest and amuse the most blasé reader. The story centres round the daughter of an earl, who, leaving her father's mansion and renouncing the life to which she has been accustomed, takes to the stage, and at one bound becomes an immense success. How she falls in love with her manager, only to find that he has a drunken wife living; how a disreputable cousin plots to get the manager out of the way; how the drunken wife is killed on the stage, and her husband arrested for the murder; and how, finally, the two lovers come together—all this is related with graphic skill in "Queen of all Hearts." When dealing with the life of the theatre, Mr. Scott is very much at home, and he gives us an excellent picture of what goes on on the other side of the curtain. The story is admirably constructed, and though the incidents follow one another in graphic succession the skill of the author is shown by the way in which he makes them at once natural and convincing.

RED OF THE ROCK. By Eldrid Reynolds. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

The more civilised a nation becomes, the more does its literature seem to hark back to the primitive for its themes. It was left for the writers of a degenerate enslaved Rome to sing the glories and virtues of the ancient republic. In our own day, when luxury has reached heights hardly dreamt of before in the history of the world, and each week brings its discovery of some new nervous disease, we delight in singing the glories of savage strength and primitive ways of life. In this book, a City man taking a holiday in Cornwall discovers a little fishing village. The life attracts him; something in the rough folk of the cove, and their ceaseless struggle with the sea, appeals to dormant instincts in his nature. He throws up his city existence, even breaks temporarily with the girl he loves, and making his home in the village, has no ambition save to do what the cove dwellers do—to live the life of the boats. The story is well told, and the authoress has caught the spirit of her scene. There is a little too much striving after effect, perhaps; the mad girl who roams about the cliffs and makes friends with the adders is rather too melodramatic. In these days of eugenics, one feels that it would have been better if she had been put away, though perhaps it is unfair to apply a test which must certainly have eliminated four-fifths of Dickens's characters. In the end the hero achieves a reconciliation with the girl he loves, in the neighbourhood of the cove, and we are left to suppose that the marriage bells eventually rang out to their mutual satisfaction. Some of the sketches of the cove dwellers themselves are extremely well done, and the book is worth reading.

MARRIED WHEN SUITED. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s (Stanley Paul.)

"Love had been simple for him. The first girl he had lost his heart to at once gave him hers in exchange. All his life he had been holding that heart in his hands, and wondering whether he really wanted it, and whether his particular palm wasn't meant by Providence to remain empty of hearts." So Mrs. Dudeney describes an Eng-

Mrs. Henry Dudeney.
Photo by H. W. Barnett.

lish vicar in perhaps the least uncomfortable of her short tales. The majority describe phases of love which are not simple. In nearly all there is this sub-acid touch which has marked the previous work of the authoress, a predilection for women who love outside their wedding-ring or for men who get themselves and others into twisted relations. The ablest of the eleven stories is decidedly "The Root Book," which is carefully written and cleverly constructed. "The Fable" and "A Complete Cure" might have been translated from Maupassant, and the influence of Mr. Thomas Hardy is strongly felt in the first and last of the tales. Mrs Dudeney is no purveyor of sugar and water. She might vary the taste of her stories more, but they represent, at any rate, a keen mind which is not afraid to present some of the less attractive aspects of human life. And she has learnt the difficult art of the short story as very few women writers in English have been able to do.

HILARY ONSLOW. By Horace Wyndham. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Horace Wyndham has succeeded in giving us a thoroughly interesting novel, in the form of the autobiography of a young man who, in his own words, "sets forth the various matters dealt with exactly as they really happened," without trying to present himself in a favourable light, or ignoring such incidents as would call for criticism. Perhaps it is because he is so cynically frank in his self-revelations that the reader is somewhat inclined to lose sympathy with him from the beginning; but losing sympathy does not always mean losing interest, and no one who starts it is likely to lay aside this entertaining story till the abrupt and unexpected end is reached. The characters are well drawn; some of them exceedingly amusing. To attempt to outline the plot of "Hilary Onslow" would be a difficult undertaking, such a multitude of small details would have to be taken into account—it drifts through the pages and develops in the course of conversation in such fashion as one can only appreciate by an actual reading of the book for oneself, and it makes such pleasant reading that we recommend all who are looking for light refreshment not to miss it.

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY. By Owen Wister. 6s. (Macmillan.)

It is always a pleasure to read anything from the pen of Mr. Owen Wister, and we have not been disappointed in the expectations with which we took up his last volume. The short story is confessedly one of the most difficult forms of writing, but that the art has been thoroughly mastered by Mr. Wister will be acknowledged by all who read this collection. He has the essential qualifications of directness and compression and upon these foundations he can build securely a superstructure of wit, humour, or pathos according to the dictates of his imagination. The series opens splendidly with "Happy-Teeth," which tells how one Horacles, who thought to open a cheap store and capture the patronage of all the Indians on the reserve, was utterly undone by his rival Scipio Le Moyne, who egged him on into performing various conjuring tricks, and how all the Indians fled terrified from the sight of Horacles' false teeth coming out of his mouth on his tongue amidst red fire. Very amusing, too, are the tales of how this same Scipio (a most charming scapegrace) got the better of the wily Uncle Pasco who came to rob him, and, again, of how he became a "road-agent" and despoiled the expert at the pea and thimble trick. But, if anything, Mr. Wister is better in his pathetic stories, and we would put his "Timberline" and "The Gift Horse" in a category little beneath Kipling at his best. A word of special mention must also be given to the preface in which Mr. Wister recalls his first attempts in writing and gives also a picture of the "West" which materially helps the uninitiated to understand and appreciate the tales that follow.

THE QUEEN'S FILLET. By the Very Rev. P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. 6s. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Once more has the Revolutionary epoch in France inspired a living, vital piece of literature. In his new volume Canon Sheehan takes us on from the eve of the social conflagration, through the inferno of the Terror, to the only less nauseating rehabilitation of the Bourbons. His chief character, Maurice de Brignon, disinherited by his father and forced into St. Sulpice, refuses the vows, flees to Paris with a passion for the people and a special hatred of "the Austrian," marries the daughter of a Revolutionary, secures the friendship of Talleyrand, becomes an adherent of Marie Antoinette, is shamed into pusillanimity by the covert sneers of the *haute noblesse*, is overwhelmed by remorse, fights with the Vendeans, is discouraged by their lack of discipline, enters the Church, is appointed Abbot of St. Marcellin, and is indebted to the Duchess of Angoulême and the fillet which bound Marie Antoinette's hair on the scaffold for—well, though the plot is really of secondary interest the sequel need not be spoilt for the reader, who certainly will follow it with keen interest. Here is something more than a novel; and as we write, with this England of ours in the throes of unprecendented social warfare, the book makes a deeper impression that it might in other circumstances. Perhaps it could only have been written by a Roman Catholic man of letters, but there is in it no special pleading for Roman Catholicism. It is rather an acute study of human nature as exemplified in the pride of the *noblesse*, their pitilessness, especially the pitilessness of their women, and the wild beast that fear lets loose on the one hand in men who stake all in their ambition for personal power, and on the other hand in the ignorant masses. Nothing

like this book has been published since Carlyle set his burning pen to paper; and it may have an even greater appeal for many, because its style, dramatic to a degree, possesses the twin charm of culture and scholarly finish. And this book will attract both those who can sit out performance after performance of such plays as "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and those who are serious students of the period about which it is concerned. All the chief actors in the awful drama are limned in unforgettable language; and, like the men of old to whom hell was such a reality that they could all but see the flames of it issuing from the fissures in the crust of the earth and smell the sulphurous fumes, we can almost see the scenes that the Çanon re-creates rather than describes. Talleyrand is presented in an exceptionally favourable light; but he is still a puzzle to most people. The moral of "The Queen's Fillet" is not emphasised; but it is plain enough for the most casual reader: it is the highest that can be drawn for suffering humanity.

A PORTENTOUS HISTORY. By Alfred Tennyson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Everything was against James Macdonald from the first in that outlandish village of Tuchan on the west coast of Scotland. His father resented the monstrous size of the child, and prophesied trouble. And trouble there was for this hapless, shambling, "tattered, hulking, red-haired Gigantulus," until in early manhood, having reached the appalling height of eight feet, he comes under the notice of Ambrose Mandeville, the great "Tickler" of the British Public, and we leave the unhappy youth on the threshold of a glorious career as "The Scotch Giant"! The misery of Jim's school-days is excellently done, and we rejoice whole-heartedly when the boy, driven to madness by the torment of his impish, malevolent school-fellows and the brutal jokes of Dominie Maitland, turns on his foes, flings a stone at Johnny Findlater—meanest of all "good" boys—defies the Rev. Simon McManus, and draws blood from his preceptor's nose. "He dunted ye on the neb," shrieked Angus to the outraged Dominie. "It's swelled up like a tomaty, sure as death." From that hour the legend of Jim Macdonald's worthlessness, the Jim-myth of the incredible wickedness of the lad, grew apace with the boy's unnatural growth. Disliked by his father, misunderstood by his mother, hated and slandered by the schoolmaster and the minister, no one had a good word for Jim, and the horrible loneliness of his boyhood is a nightmare from which there is no awaking. Things were worse when the minister denounced Jim from the pulpit and expelled him from the church—in savage vengeance for Jim's earlier contempt for the Rev. Simon's authority. Jim's only offence was that one Sunday in kirk he overcame his accustomed shyness about singing, and, heedless of the power of his great bawling voice, "with the sound of a bull's bellow, out-bellowing all, suddenly he let forth," to his own consternation. The immediate result of this daring was that "the kirk was filled with tittering, whispering, giggling, and hushing," and the Rev. Simon's sentence of expulsion for irreverence in the House of God was approved without question. The final stroke was the treatment Jim received from Jessie McLure. The gigantic youth dislocated the shoulder of a prize bull in saving the life of this young woman, and she hated him for it. Jim had loved her from childhood, and when he told her so, Jessie, with hideous and uncompromising frankness, merely revealed her extreme dislike for him, for her thoughts were with the accomplished Johnny Findlater. Ater this Jim was only saved from a premature death by Dr. Spens—to accept service with Mandeville. It is a remarkable piece of work, strong, observant, and sympathetic, this study of a poor freak of a giant, and when Mr. Alfred Tennyson has restrained his exuberant pen a little and brought it under control, we confidently predict that there will be still finer work to come from him.

OUR LADY OF THE LEOPARDS. By Albert Dorrington. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

This is an Indian adventure-story which begins with a touch of farce and deepens into tragedy. When Captain Hayes undertakes to kidnap a monkey-girl, and discovers that he has netted, or rather bagged, Larry Delaney, a sort of Mulvaney, Mr. Dorrington's plot really begins. It develops into a series of grim and humorous escapades by this pair of dare-devil adventurers, and, although things end successfully for them, in different ways, the princess who possesses the divine monkey perishes with it. There is plenty of realistic writing in the story. Mr. Dorrington threads in a love-interest by Delaney, and he is skilful enough to develop the characters of both men in relation to the titular heroine. The effect of her strange but devoted personality upon both blackguards is deftly described, and this prevents the story from being a mere chronicle of rough-and-tumble incidents. As a matter of fact, it has not only thrills, but genuinely human interest.

The Bookman's Table.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARISIAN. By Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie. Translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Born at Périgord in 1789, this genial and chatty doctor lived through stirring times, of which he has left a most interesting record. The student of political history, the student of manners, the collector of anecdotes, will find themselves equally indebted to that broken step on the ill-lighted staircase which dealt the good doctor, as he was performing an errand of mercy, such a severe blow that he was forced to take a long rest, the tediousness of which his ardent spirit beguiled by writing these memoirs. Fascinating as anything in "Evangeline" is his account of the homely, simple, happy life of a well-to-do bourgeois in a French provincial town in the eighteenth century. We linger long over his picture of the mighty walnut beds and their massive carved columns, the oak presses and the colossal ingle-nook. We can picture the whole of the household sitting down to a prodigious midday meal in the kitchen surrounded by bright pewter, shining copper, and a vast quantity of cast-iron pots and pans. The master chinks glasses with the servants who have specially earned his approval; "everybody is pleased, and good-humour reigns supreme." It is worth noting how this simplicity of life kept its hold on Napoleon, even when France was at his feet. While Murat and his other generals were spending thousands of pounds yearly on their clothes, his whole outfit was not worth £80. Not only his clothes but the furniture of his rooms and their very walls only pleased him when they were marked by a severe simplicity. A first-rate artist had been engaged by well-meaning underlings to paint the walls and ceilings of the Castle of Rambouillet, when it became a royal residence, with arabesques, foliage, birds, and animals. Napoleon inspected the work with a frown and turned away, saying curtly: "Remove that rubbish and paint it white. I hate fripperies." Our doctor has many stories to tell of the members of his profession, and none of them seems to bring out the fine old spirit of historic France with greater vividness than the little thumbnail biography of Dr. Capuron, the Salpêtrière professor, who wore threadbare clothes and lived on bread and cheese in order that he might have money to educate thirty poor children whom he educated and trained and watched over in the manner of Dr. Barnardo. With something of the same spirit of devotion to a cause our Périgord doctor threw himself into the thick of the fighting in the revolution of 1830, the revolution carried through on cocoa and liquorice water. He mixed too with the leading spirits of the great Revolution, with Souberbielle,

who voted for the Queen's death and was sorry for it afterwards, who helped to capture the Bastille and to condemn Danton. This man and Noël Pointe, one of the most violent members of the Convention, and many kindred spirits were, he testifies, charming persons in private life. So we are sure was the compiler of these records, whose bonhomie has been so well handed on to us by the translator.

THACKERAY'S WORKS: Centenary Biographical Edition. Philip, 2 Vols. The Virginians, 2 Vols. Roundabout Papers. Denis Duval. 6s. net each vol. (Smith, Elder.)

In her introduction to "Philip" Lady Ritchie regrets the days of the three-volume novel, when the books were "readable, dignified, light to hold, with broad margin and nobly flowing type, not, as now, blocks compressed into one brick-like volume of a popular edition, to be gulped whole in a hurry between two stations, or in a vortex of noise, and only fit to be cast away when done with." Maybe we shall have to go back to those earlier, ampler, more leisurely methods before we can hope to get great novels again. Probably "Philip" has never been among Thackeray's more popular works, and few of us rank it with his greatest, but Lady Ritchie confesses that to her it seems to contain "some of the wisest and most beautiful things" her father ever wrote. The story of how it was written and of the negotiations with Frederick Walker for its illustration in the days when Thackeray was founding the *Cornhill*, and of how Thackeray edited and retired from the editorship of that magazine, make this one of the most interesting of Lady Ritchie's fascinating prefaces to the volumes in the Centenary Biographical Edition. In the prefaces to the "Roundabout Papers" and "Denis Duval" she tells the story of his later years and of his death. The volumes contain all Thackeray's original illustrations, in addition to many by Frederick Walker, Charles Keene, and R. B. Wallace; the prefaces in each case include some hitherto unpublished Thackeray drawings and sketches, and there are admirable frontispiece portraits of the novelist and two sketches of him by Charles Keene and Walker.

ALONG THE ANDES AND DOWN THE AMAZON. By H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D. 12s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

With the present volume Dr. H. J. Mozans follows up and—apparently—concludes his study of the routes of the Spanish Conquistadores in South America which was begun in "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena." The author's route took him across the Isthmus of Panama and along the coasts of Ecuador and Peru, with an extension to Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, and La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, while he crossed the South American continent between Trujillo and Pará. Such a journey is indeed a very considerable achievement, although, both by reason of the peaceful nature of the native Indians and the more favourable climatic conditions, it is less difficult than a crossing of Africa. But both in scenery and in historical associations it is far more attractive. At any rate Dr. Mozans has made of it a travel book which is well worthy of attention. Not content with giving us his own impressions, he supplies copious extracts from the works of previous writers, and in the result his book is far more detailed in its historical notes than is the ordinary work of travel. The author is in every way an agreeable companion. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt contributes an appreciative introduction, and there are several interesting photographs.

GOLD COAST PALAVER. By Louis P. Bowler. 2s. (John Long.)

Mr. Bowler spent eight years in the jungle of the Gold Coast Colony, and tells in these pages a plain tale of life as it is lived by the natives and by the Englishmen who go out prospecting, or working in the mining, rubber, and other industries. His book does not pretend to any literary merit, but it has the intrinsic value attaching to what is

The Author.
From "Gold Coast Palaver," by Louis P. Bowler. (John Long.)

written by a man who has seen and known intimately the things he writes of. Occasionally Mr. Bowler has hard things to say of the Government officials, and his attitude towards the natives savours of that intolerance that always seems to afflict men who work among an inferior race and acquire a habit of autocracy. But what he says of the disastrous effects of the gin traffic on the Gold Coast and the need of Parliamentary inquiry is matter for serious consideration; and his views on railway construction; his hints as to the gold-dredging resources of the Colony; what he has to say of insect pests, and of the vast trading opportunities presented by the natural wealth of the Gold Coast—all these things make his book one that those interested in our colonial development would do well to study. His chapter on "Precautions as to Health" adds to the usefulness of his work, and the extracts given from the volume on the Guinea Coast published by William Bosman in 1705 are curious and full of interest.

THE FOOTPATH WAY: An Anthology for Walkers. With an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Almost everything that can be said about walking has been said before, and is to be found in this book, where Leslie Stephen talks of walking and thinking, Wordsworth of lake scenery, Hazlitt rails against companions, Stevenson dances attendance on Hazlitt, Sylvanus Urban "discovers a good brew," Thoreau talks of walking as he understood it, Borrow of adventures, John Burroughs is exhilarated, John Brown sober, and Walt Whitman wrought up into the rhythmical chant of the open road. One thing had not been said before, and now that Mr. Belloc has said it, all who love walking, and were looking about for this thing to say, may comfortably lay down their pens. No one before has considered exactly how it is that a man walks, that it is a difficult, hazardous feat of acrobatics, impossible to teach. Mr. Belloc has probably watched a baby making its first essays. He has discovered, and is

able most accurately to describe, how it is done. Then he goes on to other things, and speaks of inns and the enemies of inns, and the pleasure, not of walking only, but of walking away. He does not think much of walking without an object. There we disagree with him. He is misled by analogy, being bored, no doubt, by listening to talk without an object in Parliament. But even when we are not at one with him, we like him. He is able to say the simplest things, to use the most undignified words, without for a moment losing his confident lucidity and his flavour of fine speech. He is an aristocrat of letters; we cannot but recognise him, in any old clothes. This is a rare gift. The man who owns it is able, to least once or twice in his life, as on this occasion, to write good literature.

WHAT IS AND WHAT MIGHT BE. By E. G. A. Holmes. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

If Mr. Holmes had notoriety thrust upon him in consequence of his authorship of the now famous "Circular," he deserves to achieve greatness from the remarkable study of education which he has just published. It is probable, indeed, that Mr. Holmes's personal philosophical and religious creeds may prove somewhat strong meat even for those who pride themselves upon their tolerance, and it is, further, probable that the intimate association between these beliefs, upon which he insists, may militate against the acceptance of his views. We have, however, no hesitation in declaring that the philosophy of education which is here expounded is essentially sane and liberal. As the title of the book indicates, Mr. Holmes divides his subject into two main parts. These may, for convenience' sake, be briefly summarised as follows. In the first part he is concerned with his criticism of education (and in particular elementary education) in this country. His central theme here is that the "externalism" of the West, with its tendency to pay excessive regard to outward and visible results, and to neglect what is vital and inward, is the source of most of the faults which vitiate education. In the second portion he sets himself to describe what has actually been achieved by the headmistress of a small country school, and, thence, to elaborate his conviction that the only remedy for these faults is "the drastic one of changing our standard of reality and our conception of the meaning and value of life." Mr. Holmes's book is one which should be read not only by the professional educationalist (too often a most pestilential organism), but by all persons who are interested in the problem of Man in the fullest sense of that phrase.

Notes on New Books.

WARD, LOCK & CO., LTD.

In **Sylvia's Chauffeur** (6s.) Mr. Louis Tracy tells a pleasant and occasionally sensational story in the manner originally popularised by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. Mr. Tracy manages it all very deftly, and he has wrought a very readable tale out of somewhat familiar materials. He exploits principally the south and west of England, and some crucial scenes take place on the banks of the Wye.

MESSRS. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

The nursery tale of "Eyes and No-Eyes" springs to the memory as one opens the pages of the new volume by Owen Jones and Marcus Woodward. But in **Going About the Country with Your Eyes Open** (2s. net) the reader is not only taught to see, he is taught also to use the knowledge his eyes have brought to him. The authors of this book waste no time on long words and meandering sentences; they tell concisely and with graphic fascination of the secrets of the woods and the fields, of the way to find water and to catch rats, to call birds and to know the signs and tokens that are to be met with at every turn. "Those who go about with their eyes open find thirty-six interests in every yard," they declare; and certainly a walk abroad will mean a new thing to the fortunate beings who read these chapters. We shall all be scouts at this rate.

MESSRS. SANDS & CO.

"A Midsummer Day's Pastoral" might have been the sub-title of Mrs. M. E. Francis's **Gentleman Roger** (2s. net). For it is an entirely charming story, full of the true pastoral sweetness and pleasing improbability. Roger quarrelled with his priggish relations in Ireland, and as his education proved of no marketable value he became a farm-labourer on this side of the Irish Channel. Roger could fight, Roger could blarney, Roger could love; and he found opportunities for exercising all these talents while serving Farmer Lupton of Sunnyfields. Mother Lupton proved a little obdurate when the gallant farm-servant proposed for her Jinny, but the long-lost uncle arrived at the right moment and enabled Jinny's story to run quite smoothly. The story is full of the scent and glamour of the country which Mrs. Francis knows so well how to smuggle into all she writes.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

The above society has published two more translations from the works of Dr. Rudolf Steiner. The first of these deals with the Theosophist's knowledge of the history of the submerged continents of **Atlantis and Lemuria** (3s 6d. net). "It is but a small part of prehistoric human experience which can be learnt by the methods of ordinary history," says Dr. Steiner, and he explains the possible knowledge of the man who has penetrated beyond outer evidence and has won the power to observe the spiritual world. He can "look back into a far more distant past than that which external history depicts," and can "by direct spiritual perception describe those matters which history relates, in a far more trustworthy manner than is possible by the latter." The chapters of this volume are records, written on such authority, concerning the every-day life and the soul-life of the Atlanteans and the Lemurians; stretching on from these ten-thousand-year-old details to the civilisation of our present race. We are told that the Atlanteans had air-ships, propelled by other forces than those of to-day, of course; that they reasoned by memory, not by imagination; that air was denser, water more fluid. The Lemurians seem to have lived very close to nature, "knowledge and mastery of natural forces were learnt by immediate perception." Towards the end of the volume we find things much changed. The moon has separated from the earth, and climate and the human form are changed. The book is written with clarity, sincerity, and a mastery of occult science.

The second book by Dr. Steiner is **The Education of Children** (1s. net). This is written "from the standpoint of Theosophy," and reveals the deep thought which the author has given to the development of the child-mind. Naturally, holding the beliefs he holds, Dr. Steiner thinks that teaching is best imparted by one who possesses the mystical tendency. But for all interested in the education of children the book is full of suggestion.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT.

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